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HYMN BOOK

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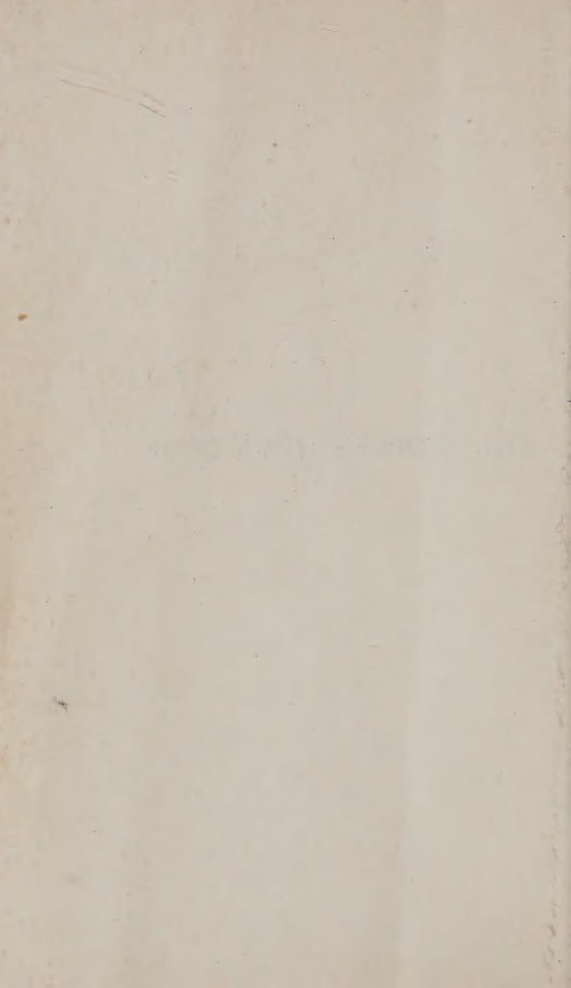


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THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK



THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK

EDITED BY
THE HYMNS COMMITTEE
OF THE CHURCH OF
ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS, LONDON

A. R. MOWBRAY & CO. LTD.
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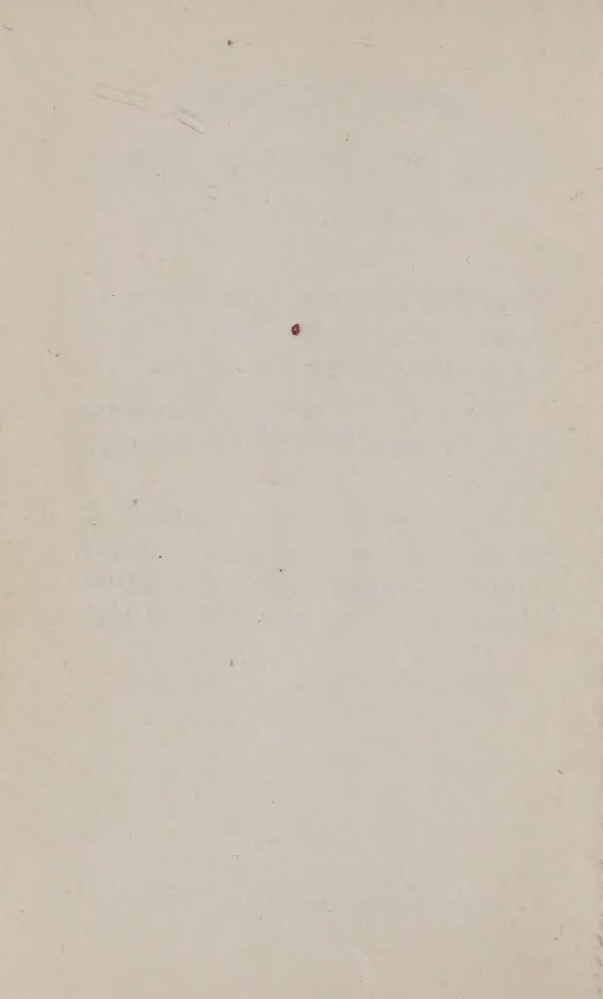
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THIS Book is produced for use in St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church. It is not yet available for general use.

A revised Edition will be undertaken if, as we hope, other churches wish to adopt it.

Single copies can be purchased at the Bookstall at St. Martin's Church, Trafalgar Square, or through Messrs. Mowbray. (Price 3/-; post free 3/3).



THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

THOSE who attempt to compile a new book of hymns for the service of the Church may fairly be asked to give their reasons for adding to the already existing hymn books.

We realize to-day, more clearly than ever before, the harm which may be done by the constant repetition, even if the conscious attention be dormant, of untrue or depressing formulae, and the corresponding good of reciting true ones. This knowledge applies especially to hymn singing. We have no right to go on singing words we do not believe or approve. The fact that we do not attend to them, or that we think only of the pretty tune, does not prevent the untrue and unlovely words from damaging our minds and consciences. We have therefore tried to gather together a collection of hymns which express the religion which we believe to be true, and we have left out hymns, even very popular hymns, which we believe to be doing harm by suggesting false views of God, or of our own relation to life. That is the first principle which we have tried to follow.

Then we have felt that we did not wish to continue the use of hymns merely because they have acquired an authority based on tradition. We have not included Office hymns merely because they are Office hymns, nor have we rejected them when we believe that they will be of service. Our object is to help the actual people of to-day in finding good hymns, in good English, which express what we feel we ought to believe and desire.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

We are well aware that we have left out certain old favourites, some of which seem to us to express an over sentimental view of life, and some a view of God which we have ceased to find to be true, and which has done infinite harm to men and dishonour to God. We have, however, retained some hymns which we ourselves would have been glad to omit, because we felt that, however inadequately these hymns seem to express man's relation to God, they still retain their value for a great number of people whose needs we cannot ignore.

We feel that the book is more easily handled by ordinary folk by an arrangement of hymns which is purely alphabetical, and contains no sections for special occasions. Many hymns well suited for ordinary worship are not often used, because in existing books they are hidden under some special title, and only used therefore at some short season of the year. We have, however, made a careful index of seasons and subjects which will help those responsible for the choice of hymns. We have marked with an asterisk certain verses in hymns which may well be left out if the hymn is felt on any special occasion to be too long.

In regard to the wording of the hymns, it is our wish to keep as closely as possible to the authors' actual words. This we have generally done, to the best of our ability. There are, however, not a few cases in which some change of wording has so far endeared itself to the popular taste, that it would seem pedantic to revert to the original.

We have thought it best to adopt a uniform spelling for such words as "Alleluia! Zion," etc.

It does not seem to us a necessity to sing "Amen" at the end of each hymn. It is a great multitude of these small and needless conventions which all together produces that feeling of an unreal atmosphere in public worship which we all deplore. But if it is thought to add to the seriousness of the

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occasion to sing "Amen," we feel that the skill of the local organist may be trusted to provide the notes.

We have made a special effort to put under the heading of "Young People" the hymns which we believe young people really enjoy, and ought to enjoy, singing, and not those in which grown-up people try to express their own ideas of children's religion. We believe that much harm has been done to the religion of children by "Children's Hymns."

We have tried to give special care to the choice of hymns about the beauty of nature, and the duties of ordinary men and women to the world, their country and their home life.

This book is not intended to be a party manifesto. It is not "High" or "Low" or "Broad." It is intended in the first place for the use of those who worship at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and we are thinking primarily of their needs, but we hope that other congregations may find our work useful for them also. There is nothing, so far as we know, in the book, which will make it impossible for any Christian congregation to use it, and we hope they will.

Our great hope is that this collection may help people to know God better, and strengthen their lives with a keener sense of his love and care.

An edition of this Book with tunes will follow as soon as possible. The principles on which the selection of tunes has been made will be fully dealt with in the Preface to that Edition.

H. R. L. SHEPPARD.

St. Martin's Day, 1923.

*The Vicarage,
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We are also indebted to Mr. Leonard Crosslé for much very valuable information and guidance.

The Committee have endeavoured throughout to discover owners of all copyright hymns, but it is possible that some may have been overlooked inadvertently. They desire to offer their apologies if there be any such cases, and at the same time promise due acknowledgement of their obligations when any omission is discovered.

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As the Hymns are printed in alphabetical order throughout no Index of first lines is given. This classified list is not exhaustive but is intended merely as a guide in the choice of hymns for special occasions.

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THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

1

Percy Dearmer.

A BRIGHTER dawn is breaking,
And earth with praise is waking ;
For thou, O King most highest,
The power of death defiest ;

2 And thou hast come victorious,
With risen Body glorious,
Who now for ever livest,
And life abundant givest.

3 O free the world from blindness,
And fill the world with kindness,
Give sinners resurrection,
Bring striving to perfection ;

4. In sickness give us healing,
In doubt thy clear revealing,
That praise to thee be given
In earth as in thy heaven.

2

St. Germanus, 634-734. Tr. J. M. Neale.

A GREAT and mighty wonder,
A full and holy cure !
The virgin bears the Infant
With virgin-honour pure.

Repeat the hymn again !

*' To God on high be glory,
And peace on earth to men ! '*

2 The Word becomes incarnate
And yet remains on high !
And Cherubim sing anthems
To shepherds from the sky.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 While thus they sing your Monarch,
Those bright angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains,
Ye oceans clap your hands.
- 4 Since all he comes to ransom,
By all be he adored,
The infant born in Bethl'em,
The Saviour and the Lord.
5. And idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield his sceptre,
Our Lord and God for aye.

3

*Martin Luther, 1483-1546.
Tr. Thomas Carlyle.*

- A** SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon ;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell ;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour ;
On earth is not his fellow.
- 2 With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden ;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same ?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son ;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.
 - 3 And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore ;
Not they can overpower us.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit ;
For why ?—his doom is writ ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

4. God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course ;
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small ;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

4 *Samuel Longfellow, 1819-92.*

- A** VOICE by Jordan's shore,
A summons stern and clear :
Repent ! Be just and sin no more
God's judgement draweth near.
- 2 A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear,
Love God ! thy neighbour love ! for see,
God's mercy draweth near.
- 3 O voice of duty, still
Speak forth : I hear with awe :
In thee I own the sovran will,
Obey the sovran law.
4. Thou higher voice of love,
Yet speak thy word in me ;
Through duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty.

5 *H. F. Lyte, 1793-1847.*

ABIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide !
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour ;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting ? where grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still if thou abide with me.
5. Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
 skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
 shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

6

J. Montgomery, 1771-1854.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

- 2 Thy Body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental Cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget ?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee ?
- 4 When to the Cross I turn mine eyes
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my Sacrifice,
I must remember thee :

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 5 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.
6. And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesu, remember me.

7 *J. Heermann, 1585-1647.*
Tr. Yattendon Hymnal, No. 42.

AH, holy Jesu, how hast thou offended,
That man to judge thee hath in hate pre-
tended ?

By foes derided, by thine own rejected,
O most afflicted.

- 2 Who was the guilty ? Who brought this upon thee ?
Alas, my treason, Jesu, hath undone thee.
'Twas I, Lord Jesu, I it was denied thee :
I crucified thee.

- 3 Lo, the good Shepherd for the sheep is offered ;
The slave hath sinnèd, and the Son hath suffered ;
For man's atonement, while he nothing heedeth,
God intercedeth.

- 4 For me, kind Jesu, was thy incarnation,
Thy mortal sorrow, and thy life's oblation ;
Thy death of anguish and thy bitter passion,
For my salvation.

5. Therefore, kind Jesu, since I cannot pay thee,
I do adore thee, and will ever pray thee,
Think on thy pity and thy love unswerving,
Not my deserving.

St. Theodulf of Orleans (9th cent.).
Tr. J. M. Neale.

- 8 ALL glory, laud, and honour
To thee, Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed One.
- 3 The company of Angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
- 4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went ;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.
- 5 To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise ;
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
6. Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

9

E. Perronet, 1726-92 ; and others.

- A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let Angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown him Lord of all !
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God
Who from his Altar call ;
Praise him whose blood-stained path ye trod,
And crown him Lord of all !
 - 3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all !
 - 4 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown him Lord of all !

- 5 Sinners ! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go ! spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all !

6. Let every tribe and every tongue
Before him prostrate fall,
Join in the universal song
And crown him Lord of all !

10

From Daye's Psalter (1561).

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make ;
We are his folk, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good :
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

- *5. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.

11

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823-95.

ALL things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.
- 3 The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky ;
- 4 The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one ;
- 5 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day ;
6. He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

12

G. W. Conder, 1821-74.

ALL things praise thee,—Lord Most High,
Heaven and earth and sea and sky,
All were for thy glory made,
That thy greatness thus displayed
Should all worship bring to thee ;
All things praise thee :—Lord may we !

- 2 All things praise thee ;—night to night
Sings in silent hymns of light ;
All things praise thee ;—day to day
Chants thy power in burning ray ;
Time and space are praising thee,
All things praise thee :—Lord may we !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 All things praise thee ;—heaven's high shrine
Rings with melody divine ;
Lowly bending at thy feet,
Seraph and Archangel meet ;
This their highest bliss to be
Ever praising :—Lord may we !
4. All things praise thee,—Gracious Lord
Great Creator, Mighty Word,
Omnipresent Spirit, now
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
Lift our hearts in praise to thee ;
All things praise thee :—Lord may we !

13

Anon. 18th cent. Tr. E. Caswall.

- ALL ye who seek a comfort sure
In trouble and distress,
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress,
- 2 Jesus, who gave himself for you
Upon the Cross to die,
Opens to you his sacred Heart ;
O to that Heart draw nigh.
- 3 Ye hear how kindly he invites ;
Ye hear his words so blest—
' All ye that labour come to me,
And I will give you rest.'
- 4 O Jesus, joy of Saints on high,
Thou hope of sinners here,
Attracted by those loving words
To thee I lift my prayer.
5. Wash thou my wounds in that dear Blood
Which forth from thee doth flow ;
New grace, new hope inspire ; a new
And better heart bestow.

14

Bishop C. Wordsworth, 1807-85.

ALLELUIA ! Alleluia ! Hearts to heaven and
 voices raise ;
 Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a
 hymn of praise !
 He who on the Cross a victim for the world's
 salvation bled,
 Jesus Christ, the King of Glory, now is risen from
 the dead !

2 Now the iron bars are broken, Christ from death
 to life is born,
 Glorious life, and life immortal, on the holy Easter
 morn.
 Christ has triumphed, and we conquer by his
 mighty enterprise,
 We with Christ to life eternal by his Resurrection
 rise.

3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits of the holy
 harvest-field,
 Which will all its full abundance at his second
 coming yield ;
 Then the golden ears of harvest will their heads
 before him wave,
 Ripened by his glorious sunshine, from the
 furrows of the grave.

4 Christ is risen, we are risen ! Shed upon us
 heavenly grace,
 Rain and dew, and gleams of glory from the
 brightness of thy face,
 So that we, with hearts in heaven, here on earth
 may fruitful be,
 And by angel-hands be gathered, and be ever,
 Lord, with thee.

*5. Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Glory be to God on high !
 To the Father, and the Saviour, who has gained
 the victory !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Glory to the Holy Spirit, fount of love and
sanctity !

Alleluia ! Alleluia ! to the Triune Majesty !

15

Anon. 17th cent.

Tr. J. M. Neale, 1818-66.

ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA !
O sons and daughters, let us sing !
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Alleluia !

- 2 That Easter morn, at break of day,
The faithful women went their way
To seek the tomb where Jesus lay.
Alleluia !
- 3 An Angel clad in white they see,
Who sat and spake unto the three,
'Your Lord doth go to Galilee.'
Alleluia !
- 4 That night the Apostles met in fear ;
Amidst them came their Lord most dear,
And said, 'My peace be on all here.'
Alleluia !
- 5 When Thomas first the tidings heard,
How they had seen the risen Lord,
He doubted the disciples' word.
Alleluia !
- 6 'My piercèd side, O Thomas, see ;
My hands, my feet I show to thee ;
Not faithless, but believing be.'
Alleluia !
- 7 No longer Thomas then denied ;
He saw the feet, the hands, the side ;
'Thou art my Lord and God,' he cried.
Alleluia !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 8 How blest are they who have not seen,
And yet whose faith hath constant been,
For they eternal life shall win.

Alleluia !

9. On this most holy day of days
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.

Alleluia !

16

W. Chatterton Dix, 1837-98.

A LLELUIA ! sing to Jesus !
His the sceptre, his the throne ;
Alleluia ! his the triumph,
His the victory alone.
Hark ! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood ;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by his Blood.

- 2 Alleluia ! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now ;
Alleluia ! he is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how :
Though the cloud from sight received him,
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget his promise,
' I am with you evermore ' ?
- 3 Alleluia ! Bread of Angels,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay ;
Alleluia ! here the sinful
Flee to thee from day to day ;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.
4. Alleluia ! sing to Jesus !
His the sceptre, his the throne ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Alleluia ! his the triumph,
His the victory alone ;
Hark ! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood ;
' Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by his Blood.'

17

W. Blake, 1757-1827.

AND did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green ?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen ?
And did the Countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills ?

2. Bring me my bow of burning gold !
Bring me my arrows of desire !
Bring me my spear ! O clouds unfold !
Bring me my chariot of fire !
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

18

W. Bright, 1824-1901.

AND now, O Father, mindful of the love
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's
Tree,
And having with us him that pleads above,
We here present, we here spread forth to thee
That only Offering perfect in thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

- 2 Look, Father, look on his anointed face,
And only look on us as found in him ;
Look not on our misusings of thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim :

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

For lo ! between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of thy Son our Lord.

- 3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal ;
O fold them closer to thy mercy's breast,
O do thine utmost for their souls' true weal :
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown thy gifts with strength to persevere.
4. And so we come ; O draw us to thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, who canst love us still ;
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill :
In thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with thee.

19

J. Montgomery, 1771-1854.

- ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant Light ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar ;
Seek the great desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
4. All creation join in praising
God the Father, Spirit, Son—

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Evermore your voices raising
To th' Eternal Three in One ;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

20

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake ;
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
' I am Jehovah, God alone ; '
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 Let Zion's time of favour come ;
O bring the tribes of Israel home ;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

4. Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In every clime, of every name ;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

21

J. M. Neale, 1818-66.

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress ?
' Come to me,' saith One, ' and coming
Be at rest ! '

2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide ?
' In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side.'

3 Is there diadem as monarch
That his brow adorns ?
' Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.'

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here ?
' Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.'
- 5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last ?
' Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.'
- 6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay ?
' Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away.'
7. Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless ?
' Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes !'

22

Tate and Brady, 1696.

- A**S pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine !
3. Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

23

W. Chatterton Dix, 1837-98.

- A**S with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold,
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright,

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

2 As with joyful steps they sped,
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore,
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesu, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

5. In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down :
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

24

Henry Twells, 1823-1900.

AT even, when the sun did set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay ;
Oh, in what divers pains they met !
Oh, with what joy they went away !

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near :
What if thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that thou art here.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had ;
- 4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in thee.
- 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 O Saviour Christ, thou too art Man ;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.
7. Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

25

R. Campbell, 1814-68.

- A**T the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King :
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from his piercèd side ;
Praise we him whose love divine
Gives the guests his Blood for wine,
Gives his Body for the feast,
Love the Victim, Love the Priest.
- 2 Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Christ the Lamb whose Blood was shed,
Paschal victim, Paschal bread !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

With sincerity and love
Eat we Manna from above.

- 3 Mighty Victim from on high,
Powers of hell beneath thee lie ;
Death is broken in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light.
Now thy banner thou dost wave,
Conquering Satan and the grave.
See the prince of darkness quelled ;
Heaven's bright gates are open held.
4. Paschal triumph, Paschal joy,
Only sin can this destroy ;
From sin's death do thou set free,
Souls re-born, dear Lord, in thee.
Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise.
Risen Lord, all praise to thee,
Ever with the Spirit be.

26

Caroline M. Noel, 1817-77.

AT the name of Jesus
Every knee shall bow,
Every tongue confess him
King of glory now ;
'Tis the Father's pleasure
We should call him Lord,
Who from the beginning
Was the mighty Word.

- 2 At his voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders,
In their great array.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- *3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom he came,
Faithfully he bore it,
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious
When from death he passed :
- *4 Bore it up triumphant
With its human light,
Through all ranks of creatures,
To the central height,
To the throne of Godhead,
To the Father's breast ;
Filled it with the glory
Of that perfect rest.
- 5 Name him, brothers, name him,
With love as strong as death,
But with awe and wonder,
And with bated breath ;
He is God the Saviour,
He is Christ the Lord,
Ever to be worshipped,
Trusted, and adored.
- 6 In your hearts enthrone him ;
There let him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true :
Crown him as your captain
In temptation's hour ;
Let his will enfold you
In its light and power.
7. Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With his Father's glory,
With his Angel train ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon his brow,
And our hearts confess him
King of glory now.

27

W. Bright, 1824-1901.

AT thy feet, O Christ, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day ;
Doubt of what it holds in store
Makes us crave thine aid the more ;
Lest it prove a time of loss,
Mark it, Saviour, with thy Cross.

- 2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be thyself our chief delight ;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that thou canst bless ;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.
- 3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe ;
Well for us, before thine eyes
All our danger open lies ;
Turn not from us while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.
- 4 Fain would we thy word embrace,
Live each moment on thy grace,
All our selves to thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be
Simply that which pleases thee.
5. Hear us, Lord, and that right soon ;
Hear, and grant the choicest boon
That thy love can e'er impart,
Loyal singleness of heart ;
So shall this and all our days,
Christ our God, show forth thy praise.

28

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

AUTHOR of life divine,
Who hast a table spread,
Furnished with mystic Wine
And everlasting Bread,
Preserve the life thyself hast given,
And feed and train us up for heaven.

2. Our needy souls sustain
With fresh supplies of love,
Till all thy life we gain,
And all thy fullness prove,
And strengthened by thy perfect grace,
Behold without a veil thy face.

29

Bishop T. Ken, 1637-1711.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 3 By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light in good works shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious ways
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
- *5 Awake, awake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Part 2.

- 6 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept ;
Grant Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.
- 7 Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er thou art.
O never then from me depart ;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of thee.
- 8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 9 Direct, control, suggest, this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all my might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
10. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

This Doxology may be sung also after Part 1.

30

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748, and
Stopford A. Brooke, 1832-1916.*

AWAKE, our souls ! away, our fears !
Let every trembling thought be gone !
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every Saint ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Not tire amidst the heavenly road.

31

I. Williams, 1802-65.

- B**E thou my Guardian and my Guide,
And hear me when I call ;
Let not my slippery footsteps slide,
And hold me lest I fall.
- 2 The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell
Around the path I tread ;
O save me from the snares of hell,
Thou Quickener of the dead.
 - 3 And if I tempted am to sin,
And outward things are strong,
Do thou, O Lord, keep watch within,
And save my soul from wrong.
 4. Still let me ever watch and pray,
And feel that I am frail ;
That if the tempter cross my way,
Yet he may not prevail.

32

V. S. S. Coles.

- B**EFORE the close of his holy day
A song to our Lord we fain would sing ;
And those who are near and far away,
Whom our hearts love well, before him bring :

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Those who on Sundays long gone by
At the holy altar knelt by our side ;
Who though in body no longer nigh,
In love and memory still abide.
- 3 Jesu, who givest to cheer thine own
Foretaste of joys that will end the strife :
Jesu, to whom all hearts are known,
Whose are the issues of death and life :
- 4 Oh, for their hearts that suffer strain,
Worn by a grief they only know ;
Comfort their hearts, and let their pain
Be turned to joy by thy conquering woe.
5. There, where no fear for the future can be,
Thy Name, O God, shall be ever bless'd
By the tree of life, and the crystal sea ;
And in perfect work shall be perfect rest.

33

T. Pestel, 1584-1659.

BEHOLD the great Creator makes
Himself a house of clay,
A robe of Virgin flesh he takes
Which he will wear for aye.

- 2 This wonder struck the world amazed,
It shook the starry frame ;
Squadrons of spirits stood and gazed,
Then down in troops they came.
- 3 Glad shepherds ran to view this sight ;
A choir of Angels sings,
And eastern sages with delight
Adore this King of kings.
4. Join then all hearts that are not stone,
And all our voices prove,
To celebrate this holy One
The God of peace and love.

34

Prudentius, b. 348. Tr. E. Caswall.

BETHLEHEM, of noblest cities
None can once with thee compare ;
Thou alone the Lord from heaven
Didst for us incarnate bear.

- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth ;
To the lands their God announcing,
Hid beneath a form of earth.
- 3 By its lambent beauty guided
See the eastern kings appear ;
See them bend, their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold and myrrh.
- 4 Solemn things of mystic meaning .
Incense doth the God disclose,
Gold a royal child proclaimeth,
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.
5. Holy Jesu, in thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed
With the Father and the Spirit
Endless praise to thee be paid.

35

7th cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

Part 1.

BLESSÈD city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who of living stones are builded
In the height of heaven above,
And with Angel-hosts encircled,
As a bride dost earthward move ;

- 2 From celestial realms descending,
Bridal glory round thee shed,
Meet for him whose love espoused thee,
To thy Lord shalt thou be led ;
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,
They are open evermore ;
And by virtue of his merits
Thither faithful souls do soar,
Who for Christ's dear Name in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.
- 4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
That his palace should be decked.

Part 2.

- 5 Christ is made the sure Foundation,
Christ the Head and Corner-stone,
Chosen of the Lord and precious,
Binding all the Church in one,
Holy Zion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.
- 6 All that dedicated City,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody,
God, the One in Three, adoring
In glad hymns eternally.
- 7 To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day ;
With thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear thy servants, as they pray ;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls away.
- 8 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain, '
What they gain from thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

The following may be sung at the end of each Part :

Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three, and ever One,
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

36

William Wordsworth, 1770-1850.

BLEST are the moments, doubly blest,
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God !

- *2 Each field is then a hallowed spot,
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.
- 3 Look up to heaven ! the industrious sun
Already half his race hath run ;
He cannot halt or go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.
- 4 Lord, since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course ;
- 5. Help with thy grace, through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way ;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

37

J. Keble, 1792-1866.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God,
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their Pattern and their King ;
- 3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
4. Lord, we thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

38

J. Conder, 1789-1855.

BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy Flesh is meat indeed ;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread,
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died.

2. Vine of heaven, thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice ;
'Tis thy wounds our healing give ;
To thy Cross we look and live :
Thou our life ! O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

39

Bishop R. Heber, 1783-1826.

BREAD of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead :
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

40

Edwin Hatch; 1835-89.

BREATHE on me, Breath of God ;
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love,
And do what thou wouldst do.

- 2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.
- 3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glow with thy fire divine.
4. Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

41

Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent.

Tr. J. M. Neale.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

- 2 O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest ;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest !
- 3 There grief is turned to pleasure ;
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.
- 4 And after earthly evil,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 5 And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown ;
- 6 But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known ;
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.
- 7 Then God, our King and Portion,
In fullness of his grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.
- 8 The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.
9. Then all the halls of Zion
For aye shall be complete,
And, in the Land of Beauty,
All things of beauty meet.

42

Bishop R. Mant, 1776-1848.

BRIGHT the vision that delighted
Once the sight of Judah's seer ;
Sweet the countless tongues united
To entrance the prophet's ear.

- 2 Round the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled his temple, and repeated
Each to each the alternate hymn :
- 3 ' Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fullness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord.'

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the Angels' cry,
' Holy, Holy, Holy,' singing,
' Lord of hosts, the Lord most high.'
- 5 With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow :
6. ' Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;
Earth is with its fullness stored ;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord.'

43

Bishop R. Heber, 1783-1826.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
morning,

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2. Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall :
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
5. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

44

W. Blake, 1757-1827.

- CAN I see another's woe,
 And not be in sorrow too ?
 Can I see another's grief,
 And not seek for kind relief ?
- 2 Can I see a falling tear,
 And not feel my sorrow's share ?
 Can a father see his child
 Weep, nor be with sorrow filled ?
- 3 God doth give his joy to all :
 He becomes an infant small,
 He becomes a man of woe,
 He doth feel the sorrow too.
- 4 Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
 And thy Maker is not by ;
 Think not thou canst weep a tear,
 And thy Maker is not near.
5. Oh, he gives to us his joy,
 That our griefs he may destroy :
 Till our grief is fled and gone
 He doth sit by us and moan.

45

Tr. W. J. Courthope.

- C ELESTIAL Word, to this our earth
 Sent down from God's eternal clime,
 To save mankind by mortal birth
 Into a world of change and time ;
- 2 Lighten our hearts ; vain hopes destroy ;
 And in thy love's consuming fire
 Fill all the soul with heavenly joy,
 And melt the dross of low desire.
- 3 So when the Judge of quick and dead
 Shall bid his awful summons come,
 To whelm the guilty soul with dread,
 And call the blessed to their home,

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

4. Saved from the whirling, black abyss,
For evermore to us be given
To share the feast of saintly bliss,
And see the face of God in heaven.

46

A. T. Gurney, 1820-87.

CHRIST is risen ! Christ is risen !
He hath burst his bonds in twain :
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
Cry of gladness, soar again !
For our gain he suffered loss,
By divine decree
He hath died upon the Cross,
But our God is he.
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
He hath burst his bonds in twain :
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
Earth and heaven prolong the strain !

- 2 Lo ! the chains of death are broken !
Earth below, and heaven above,
Joy anew in every token
Of thy triumph, Lord of love !
He o'er earth and heaven shall reign
At his Father's side,
Till he cometh once again,
Bridegroom to his bride.
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
He hath burst his bonds in twain :
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
Earth and heaven prolong the strain !
3. Glorious Angels, downward thronging,
Hail the Lord of all the skies !
Heaven with joy and holy longing
For the Father's Image, cries—
Christ is risen ! Earth, rejoice !
Sing, ye starry train !
Let Creation find a voice !
He o'er all shall reign !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
He hath burst his bonds in twain :
Christ is risen ! Christ is risen !
O'er the universe to reign !

47 *Michael Weisse, 1480-1534. Tr. C. Winkworth.*

CHRIST the Lord is risen again ;
Christ hath broken every chain ;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia !

2 He who gave for us his life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day ;
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia !

3 He who bore all pain and loss
Comfortless upon the Cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry ;
Alleluia !

4 He who slumbered in the grave,
Is exalted now to save ;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.
Alleluia !

5 Now he bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven.
Alleluia !

6. Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, thy ransomed people feed ;
Take our sins and guilt away,
That we all may sing for aye,
Alleluia !

48

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

- CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only Light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
 Dayspring from on high, be near ;
 Daystar, in my heart appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
 Unaccompanied by thee ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
 Till they inward light impart,
 Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.
3. Visit then this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, Radiancy divine,
 Scatter all my unbelief ;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

49

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

- ' CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,'
 Hear thy guardian Angel say ;
 ' Thou art in the midst of foes :
 Watch and pray ! '
- 2 Principalities and powers,
 Mustering their unseen array,
 Wait for thy unguarded hours :
 Watch and pray !
- 3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
 Wear it ever, night and day ;
 Ambushed lies the evil one :
 Watch and pray !
- 4 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
 Still they mark each warrior's way ;
 All with one sweet voice exclaim :
 ' Watch and pray ! '

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart his word :
‘ Watch and pray ! ’

6. Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down :
Watch and pray !

50

J. Byrom, 1692-1763.

CHRISTIANS, awake ! Salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born ;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above ;
With them the joyful tidings first begun,
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, ‘ Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth :
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.’
- 3 He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :
The praises of redeeming love they sang
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang :
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.
- 4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds
ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man,
And found, with Joseph and the Blessèd Maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid :
They to their flocks, still praising God, return,
And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 5 Like Mary let us ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind ;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter Cross ;
Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
6. Then may we hope, the angelic thrones among,
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song :
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all his glory shall display ;
Saved by his love, unceasing we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's almighty King.

51

S. Johnson, 1822-82.

- C**ITY of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime !
The true thy chartered freemen are
Of every age and clime.
- 2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast, high intent ;
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King omnipotent.
 - 3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primaeval youth !
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love and truth !
 - 4 How gleam thy watch-fires through the night
With never fainting ray !
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day !
 5. In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands :
Unharm'd upon the eternal Rock
The eternal City stands.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

52 *Bianco da Siena, d. 1434. Tr. R. F. Littledale.*

COME down, O Love divine,
Seek thou this soul of mine,
And visit it with thine own ardour glowing ;
O Comforter, draw near,
Within my heart appear,
And kindle it, thy holy flame bestowing.

2 O let it freely burn,
Till earthly passions turn
To dust and ashes in its heat consuming ;
And let thy glorious light
Shine ever on my sight,
And clothe me round, the while my path illuming.

3 Let holy charity
Mine outward vesture be,
And lowliness become mine inner clothing ;
True lowliness of heart,
Which takes the humbler part,
And o'er its own shortcomings weeps with loathing.

4 And so the yearning strong,
With which the soul will long,
Shall far outpass the power of human telling ;
For none can guess its grace,
Till he become the place
Wherein the Holy Spirit makes his dwelling.

53 *G. Moultrie, 1829-85.*

COME, faithful people, come away,
Your homage to your Monarch pay ;
It is the feast of palms to-day.

Hosanna in the highest !

2 When Christ, the Lord of all, drew nigh
On Sunday morn to Bethany,
He called two loved ones standing by :

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 ' To yonder village go,' said he,
' An ass and foal tied shall ye see,
Loose them and bring them unto me : '
- 4 ' If any man dispute your word,
Say, " They are needed by the Lord,"
And he permission will accord : '
- 5 The two upon their errand sped,
And found the ass as he had said,
And on the colt their clothes they spread
- 6 They set him on his throne so rude ;
Before him went the multitude,
And in their way their garments strewed :
- 7 Go, Saviour, thus to triumph borne,
Thy crown shall be the wreath of thorn,
Thy royal garb the robe of scorn :
- 8 They thronged before, behind, around,
They cast palm-branches on the ground,
And still rose up the joyful sound :
- 9 ' Blessed is Israel's King,' they cry ;
' Blessed is he that cometh nigh
In name of God the Lord most high : '
10. Thus, Saviour, to thy Passion go,
Arrayed in royalty of woe,
Assumed for sinners here below :

54

Simon Browne, 1680-1732.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above ;
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray ;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.
4. Lead us to heaven, that we may share
Fullness of joy for ever there ;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest.

55

Bishop J. Cosin, 1594-1672.

- COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart :
- 2 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight :
 - 3 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of thy grace :
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where thou art guide no ill can come.
 4. Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee of Both, to be but One ;
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song,
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

56

I. Watts, 1674-1748.

- COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With Angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 ' Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
 ' To be exalted thus ;'
 ' Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
 ' For he was slain for us.'
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.
4. The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

57

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

COME, let us join our friends above
 That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle-wings of love
 To joy celestial rise.

- 2 One family we dwell in him,
 One Church, above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of his host have crossed the flood,
 And part is crossing now.
- 4 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn minute fly,
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die.
5. Oh, that we now might grasp our Guide !
 Oh, that the word was given ;
 Come, Lord of Hosts, the waves divide,
 And land us all in Heaven.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

58

J. Morison, 1749-98.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave ;
And, though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reigned ;
The dawn shall bring us light ;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground :

6. So shall thy presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
The hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

59

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee ;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery or sin declare ;
Thyself hast called me by my name :
Look on thy hands, and read it there !
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
- 3 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquered by my instant prayer !
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is Love.
4. 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst for me !
I hear thy whisper in my heart !
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
Pure universal Love thou art ;
To me, to all, thy mercies move ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

60

13th cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

- COME, thou Holy Spirit, come ;
And from thy celestial home
Shed a ray of Light divine ;
Come, thou Father of the poor,
Come, thou source of all our store,
Come, within our bosoms shine :
- 2 Thou of comforters the best,
Thou the soul's most welcome guest,
Sweet refreshment here below ;
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful coolness in the heat,
Solace in the midst of woe.
- 3 O most blessed Light divine,
Shine within these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill ;
Where thou art not, man hath nought,
Nothing good in deed or thought.
Nothing free from taint of ill.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Heal our wounds ; our strength renew :
On our dryness pour thy dew ;
Wash the stains of guilt away ;
Bend the stubborn heart and will ;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;
Guide the steps that go astray.
5. On the faithful, who adore
And confess thee, evermore
In thy sevenfold gifts descend :
Give them virtue's sure reward,
Give them thy salvation, Lord,
Give them joys that never end.

61

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

- COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us ;
Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
■ Hope of all the earth thou art ;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver ;
Born a Child and yet a King ;
Born to reign in us for ever ;
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
4. By thy own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone :
By thy all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

62

W. Chatterton Dix, 1837-98.

- 'COME unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts opprest ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

- 2 'Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night;
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But he has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

- 3 'Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife;
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But he has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4. 'And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt;
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to thee.

68

J. Hupton, 1762-1849, and J. M. Neale.

COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
Sing to him who found the ransom,
Ancient of eternal days;
God eternal, Word incarnate,
Whom the heaven of heaven obeys.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Ere he raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free and boundless,
Moved the Lord of life to die ;
Lifted up the Prince of princes
On the throne of Calvary.
- 3 Now on those eternal mountains
Stands the sapphire throne all bright :
With the ceaseless Alleluias
Which they raise, the sons of light,
Zion's people tell his praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.
- 4 Bring your harp, and bring your incense ;
Sweep the string, and pour the lay ;
Let the earth proclaim his wonders,
King of that celestial day.
He, the Lamb once slain, is worthy,
Who was dead and lives for aye.
- 5 Hungry souls that faint and languish,
By his bounteous hand are fed ;
Yea, he gives them Food immortal !
Gives himself the living Bread :
Gives the Chalice of his Passion,
Rich with Blood on Calvary shed.
6. Trust him, then, ye fearful pilgrims ;
Who shall pluck you from his hand ?
Pledged he stands for their salvation,
Who are fighting for his land.
Oh, that we, amidst his true ones,
Round his throne may one day stand.

64 *St. John Damascene, c. 750. Tr. J. M. Neale.*

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness :
God hath brought his Israel
Into joy from sadness ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters ;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.
- 2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day ;
Christ hath burst his prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a Sun hath risen ;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his Light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.
- 3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the Day of splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render ;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's Resurrection.
4. Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold thee as a mortal ;
But to-day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

65

H. Alford, 1810-72.

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home !
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin ;
God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied ;
Come to God's own temple, come ;
Raise the song of harvest-home !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield ;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown ;
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear ;
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we,
Wholesome grain and pure may be.
- 3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home ;
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend that day ;
Give his Angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.
4. Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of harvest-home ;
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
There for ever purified
In God's garner to abide :
Come, ten thousand Angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home !

66

P. Gerhardt, 1607-76. Tr. J. Wesley.

- COMMIT thou all thy ways
And griefs into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands.
- 2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey ;
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
 - 3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on ;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.
- 5 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command ;
So shalt thou wondering own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand.
- 6 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee ;
Oh, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !
7. Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

67

18th cent. Tr. J. Chandler.

CONQUERING kings their titles take
From the foes they captive make :
Jesus, by a nobler deed,
From the thousands he hath freed.

- 2 Yes : none other name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.
- 3 That which Christ so hardly wrought,
That which he so dearly bought,
That salvation, brethren, say,
Shall we madly cast away ?
- 4 Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;
Joyfully for him to die
Is not death but victory.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

5. Jesus, who dost condescend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us, as to thee we pray,
Glorying in thy Name to-day.

68

St. Ambrose, 340-97. Tr. C. Bigg.

CREATOR of the earth and sky,
Ruling the firmament on high,
Clothing the day with robes of light,
Blessing with gracious sleep the night,

- 2 That rest may comfort weary men,
And brace to useful toil again,
And soothe awhile the harassed mind,
And sorrow's heavy load unbind :
- 3 Day sinks ; we thank thee for thy gift ;
Night comes ; and once again we lift
Our prayer and vows and hymns that we
Against all ills may shielded be.
- *4 Thee let the secret heart acclaim,
Thee let our tuneful voices name,
Round thee our chaste affections cling,
Thee sober reason own as King.
- 5 That when black darkness closes day,
And shadows thicken round our way,
Faith may no darkness know, and night
From faith's clear beam may borrow light.
- *6 Rest not, my heaven-born mind and will ;
Rest, all ye thoughts and deeds of ill ;
May faith its watch unwearied keep,
And cool the dreaming warmth of sleep.
- 7 From cheats of sense, Lord, keep me free,
And let my heart's depth dream of thee ;
Let not my envious foe draw near,
To break my rest with any fear.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- *8. Pray we the Father and the Son,
And Holy Ghost : O Three in One,
Blest Trinity, whom all obey,
Guard thou thy sheep by night and day.

69

J. Dryden, 1631-1701.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

- 2 O Source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete,
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high
Rich in thy sevenfold energy ;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe ;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.
4. Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the almighty Father's name ;
Thy Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

70

M. Bridges, 1800-94.

CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne ;
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

- 2 Crown him the Virgin's Son,
 The God incarnate born,
 Whose arm those crimson trophies won
 Which now his brow adorn ;
 Fruit of the mystic Rose,
 As of that Rose the Stem ;
 The Root whence mercy ever flows,
 The Babe of Bethlehem.
- 3 Crown him the Lord of love ;
 Behold his hands and side,
 Those wounds yet visible above
 In beauty glorified :
 No Angel in the sky
 Can fully bear that sight,
 But downward bends his burning eye
 At mysteries so bright.
- 4 Crown him the Lord of peace.
 Whose power a sceptre sways
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
 And all be prayer and praise :
 His reign shall know no end,
 And round his piercèd feet
 Fair flowers of Paradise extend
 Their fragrance ever sweet.
5. Crown him the Lord of years,
 The Potentate of time,
 Creator of the rolling spheres,
 Ineffably sublime :
 All hail, Redeemer, hail !
 For thou hast died for me ;
 Thy praise shall never, never fail
 Throughout eternity.

71

J. G. Whittier, 1807-92.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our foolish ways !
 Reclothe us in our rightful mind,
 In purer lives thy service find,
 In deeper reverence praise.

- 2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
 The gracious calling of the Lord,
 Let us, like them, without a word
 Rise up and follow thee,
- 3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
 O calm of hills above,
 Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
 The silence of eternity,
 Interpreted by love !
- 4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease ;
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of thy peace.
5. Breathe through the heats of our desire
 Thy coolness and thy balm ;
 Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire ;
 Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire,
 O still small voice of calm !

72

J. Franck, 1618-77. Tr. C. Winkworth.

DECK thyself, my soul, with gladness,
 Leave the gloomy haunts of sadness,
 Come into the daylight's splendour,
 There with joy thy praises render
 Unto him whose grace unbounded
 Hath this wondrous banquet founded ;
 High o'er all the heavens he reigneth,
 Yet to dwell with thee he deigneth.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Now I sink before thee lowly,
Filled with joy most deep and holy,
As with trembling awe and wonder
On thy mighty works I ponder ;
How by mystery surrounded,
Depths no man hath ever sounded,
None may dare to pierce unbidden
Secrets that with thee are hidden.
- 3 Sun, who all my life dost brighten ;
Light, who dost my soul enlighten ;
Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth ;
Fount, whence all my being floweth :
At thy feet I cry, my Maker,
Let me be a fit partaker
Of this blessed food from heaven,
For our good, thy glory, given.
4. Jesus, Bread of Life, I pray thee,
Let me gladly here obey thee ;
Never to my hurt invited,
Be thy love with love requited :
From this banquet let me measure,
Lord, how vast and deep its treasure ;
Through the gifts thou here dost give me,
As thy guest in heaven receive me.

73 *J.-B. de Santreuil, 1630-97. Tr. I. Williams.*

DISPOSER supreme, and Judge of the earth.
Who choosest for thine the weak and the
poor ;

To frail earthen vessels, and things of no worth,
Entrusting thy riches which aye shall endure.

- 2 Those vessels soon fail, though full of thy light,
And at thy decree are broken and gone ;
Thence brightly appeareth thy truth in its might,
As through the clouds riven the lightnings have
shone.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Like clouds are they borne to do thy great will,
And swift as the winds about the world go ;
The fire of thy presence their spirits doth fill,
They thunder, they lighten, the waters o'erflow.
- 4 Their sound goeth forth, ' Christ Jèsus is Lord ! '
Then Satan doth fear, his citadels fall :
As when the dread trumpets went forth at thy
word,
And one long blast shattered the Canaanites'
wall.
- 5 Oh, loud be their trump, and stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord, from slumber of sin !
The lights thou hast kindled in darkness around,
Oh, may they illumine our spirits within.
6. All glory to thee, who, hid from our sight,
Yet fillest with love the vast infinite !
And for us revealèd as One and yet Three,
Dost call us from darkness thy glory to see !

74

7th cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

- D**RAW nigh, and take the Body of the Lord,
And drink the holy Blood for you out-
poured,
Saved by that Body, hallowed by that Blood,
Whereby refreshed we render thanks to God.
- 2 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
Who by his Cross and Blood the victory won.
Offered was he for greatest and for least :
Himself the Victim, and himself the Priest.
 - 3 Victims were offered by the law of old,
That, in a type, celestial mysteries told.
He, Ransomer from death and Light from shade,
Giveth his holy grace his saints to aid.
 - 4 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.
He that in this world rules his saints and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields :

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

5. With heavenly Bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsty soul.
Alpha and Omega, to whom shall bow
All nations at the Doom, is with us now.

75

Phineas Fletcher, 1582-1650.

DROP, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of peace.

- 2 Cease not, wet eyes,
His mercies to entreat ;
To cry for vengeance
Sin doth never cease.
3. In your deep floods
Drown all my faults and fears
Nor let his eye
See sin, but through my tears.

76

E. Carpenter.

ENGLAND, arise ! the long, long night is over,
Faint in the east behold the dawn appear ;
Out of your evil dream of toil and sorrow—
Arise, O England, for the day is here ;
From your fields and hills,
Hark ! the answer swells—
Arise, O England, for the day is here !

- 2 By your young children's eyes so red with weeping,
By their sad faces aged with want and fear,
By the dark cities where your babes are creeping,
Naked of joy and all that makes life dear,
From each wretched slum
Let the loud cry come—
Arise, O England, for the day is here !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 People of England ! all your valleys call you,
High in the rising sun the lark sings clear,
Will you dream on, shall shameful slumber thrall
you ?
Will you disown your native land so dear ?
Shall it die unheard—
That sweet pleading word ?
Arise, O England, for the day is here !
4. Forth then, ye heroes, patriots, and lovers !
Comrades in danger, poverty and scorn !
Mighty in faith of freedom, your great Mother,
Giants refreshed in joy's new-rising morn !
Come and swell the song,
Silent now so long :
England is risen !—and the day is here.

77

W. Whiting, 1825-78.

- E**TERNAL Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep :
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep :
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.
- 3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace :
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

4. O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go :
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

78

James Merrick, 1720-69.

ETERNAL God ! we look to thee,
To thee for help we fly ;
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

- 2 Lord ! let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide :
That love will all vain love expel
That fear all fear beside.
- 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Oh, let thy grace supply :
The good unasked in mercy grant ;
The ill, though asked, deny.
4. All praise to God the Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit be,
The everlasting Three in One,
The ever One in Three.

79

J. W. Chadwick, 1840-1904.

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way ;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day ;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by thee.

- 2 We are of thee, the children of thy love,
The brothers of thy well-belovèd Son ;
Descend, O Holy Spirit ! like a dove
Into our hearts that we may be as one ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

As one with thee, to whom we ever tend,
As one with him, our brother and our friend.

- 3 Oh make us one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes thy children free,
To follow Truth, and thus to follow thee.
4. Oh clothe us with thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine ;
Our inspiration be thy constant word ;
We ask no victories that are not thine :
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be ;
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

80

J. Hampden Gurney, 1802-62.

FAIR waved the golden corn
In Canaan's pleasant land,
When full of joy, some shining morn,
Went forth the reaper-band.

- 2 To God so good and great
Their cheerful thanks they pour ;
Then carry to his temple-gate
The choicest of their store.
- 3 Like Israel, Lord, we give
Our earliest fruits to thee,
And pray that, long as we shall live,
We may thy children be.
- 4 Thine is our youthful prime,
And life and all its powers ;
Be with us in our morning time,
And bless our evening hours.
5. In wisdom let us grow,
As years and strength are given,
That we may serve thy Church below,
And join thy Saints in heaven.

81

Mrs. L. M. Willis (1864).

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer ;
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

2 Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be ;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

3 Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly rest and stay ;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

4. Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our Guide ;
Through endeavour, failure, danger,
Father be thou at our side.

82

Rudyard Kipling.

*Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be ;
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.*

FATHER in heaven who lovest all,
O help thy children when they call ;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth ;
That in our time, thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

3 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day ;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Teach us to look in all our ends,
On thee for judge, and not our friends ;
That we with thee may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.
- 5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;
That under thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.
6. Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs ;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun !

*Land of our birth, our faith, our guide,
For whose dear sake our fathers died ;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart and hand through the years to be.*

83

L. Tuttielt, 1825-97.

FATHER, let me dedicate
All this year to thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wouldst have me be :
Not from sorrow, pain, or care
Freedom dare I claim ;
This alone shall be my prayer,
Glorify thy Name.

- 2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live ?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give ?
More thou givest every day
Than the best can claim,
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify thy Name.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

3 If in mercy thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine ;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine ;
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim,
And, whate'er the future brings,
Glorify thy Name.

4. If thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home ;
Let me think how thy dear Son
To his glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
'Glorify thy Name.'

84

c. 10th cent. Tr. Percy Dearmer.

FATHER most holy, merciful and tender ;
Jesus our Saviour, with the Father reigning ;
Spirit of mercy, Advocate, Defender,
Light never waning ;

2 Trinity sacred, Unity unshaken ;
Deity perfect, giving and forgiving,
Light of the Angels, Life of the forsaken,
Hope of all living ;

3 Maker of all things, all thy creatures praise thee ;
Lo, all things serve thee through thy whole
creation :
Hear us, Almighty, hear us as we raise thee
Heart's adoration.

4. To the almighty triune God be glory :
Highest and greatest, help thou our endeavour ;
We too would praise thee, giving honour worthy,
Now and for ever.

85

E. Cooper, 1770-1833.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend :
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend :
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend :
To us thy quickening power extend.

4. Thrice Holy ! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before thy throne we sinners bend :
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

86

Prudentius, b. 348. Tr. Percy Dearmer.

FATHER of spirits, whose divine control
Doth bind the soul and body into one,
Thou wilt restore this body now undone ;
For once it was the mansion of a soul,
Where dwelt the glowing wisdom of thy Son.

2 Thou, Maker of the body, dost ordain
That this thine image, moulded by thy will,
Our every hope in glory shall fulfil ;
So, till the body thou dost build again,
Thou wilt preserve the spirit freed from ill.

3 In that blest region shall this spirit dwell
Where flowers undying bloom on every side :
For, lo, we trust thy word, O Crucified,
When in thy triumph over death and hell,
The thief forgiven took thee for his guide.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

4. Our *brother* goeth by the shining way,
That ever to the faithful open lies :
Lord, train thy servant now in Paradise,
And bless *him* in *his* fatherland, we pray,
Till thou shalt bid *his* body to arise.

87

J. G. Adderley.

FATHER, we greet thee, God of Love, whose
glory
Shines mirrored in the face of Jesus Christ,
Who by his perfect life of love and labour
And in his perfect death was sacrificed.

- 2 Father, we dare, by our great Brother bidden,
Take up the cross and humbly follow him ;
Send out thy light and truth that they may
lead us ;
Show us the way amid the darkness dim.
- 3 Here we present ourselves, our souls and bodies,
Strengthened with Bread the food of every man,
Ready to love and work, but yet confessing
Lonely we cannot, by his Grace we can.
4. Sheep of his flock and priests around his altar ;
Soldiers of Christ, disciples of thy Son ;
Father, we stand, prepared to do thy bidding ;
Come, God's own Kingdom and God's will be
done.

88

Anatolius, c. 8th cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night ;
Oars laboured heavily ;
Foam glimmered white ;
Trembled the mariners ;
Peril was nigh ;
Then said the God of God,
' Peace : it is I.'

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Ridge of the mountain wave,
Lower thy crest :
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest.
Sorrow can never be,
Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of light,
'Peace : it is I.'
3. Jesu, Deliverer,
Come thou to me ;
Soothe thou my voyaging
Over life's sea ;
Thou, when the storm of death
Roars sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of truth,
'Peace : it is I.'

89

J. S. B. Monsell, 1811-75.

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right ;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

- 2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face ;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide ;
His boundless mercy will provide ;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
4. Faint not nor fear, his arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear ;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

90

J. H. Newman, 1801-90.

FIRMLY I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One ;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.

- 2 And I trust and hope most fully
In that Manhood crucified ;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as he has died.
- 3 Simply to his grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong,
And I love supremely, solely,
Him the Holy, him the Strong.
4. Adoration aye be given,
With and through the angelic host,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

91

Bishop W. W. How, 1823-97.

FOR all the Saints who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confest,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.

Alleluia !

- 2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their
Might ;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.
- 3 O may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
- 4 O blest communion ! fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine :
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west ;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest :
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
- 7 But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day ;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array :
The King of glory passes on his way.
8. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest
coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless
host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

92

J. Montgomery, 1771-1854.

- ' **F**OR ever with the Lord !'
Amen ; so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
- 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear !
Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of Saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 3 ' For ever with the Lord !'—
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand ;
Fight, and I must prevail.

4. So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
' For ever with the Lord ! '

93

Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep :

- 2 The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
- 3 O one, O only mansion !
O Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy ;
- 4 Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall :—
- 5 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 6 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced ;
The Saints thy golden fabric,
Thy corner-stone is Christ.
- 7 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
- 8 Upon the Rock of ages
They raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.
- 9 O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I thy glories see ?
O sweet and blessed country,
Is such a prize for me ?
10. Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part :
His only, his for ever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

94

F. S. Pierpoint.

- FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies :
*Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.*
- 2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light :
 - 3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and brain's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight :

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild :
- 5 For thy Martyrs' crown of light,
For thy Prophets' eagle eye,
For thy bold Confessors' might,
For the lips of infancy :
6. For thy Virgins' robes of snow,
For thy Maiden-mother mild,
For thyself, with hearts aglow,
Jesu, Victim undefiled :

95

H. Downton, 1818-85.

- F**OR thy mercy and thy grace,
Faithful through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness,
Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.
- 2 Lo, our sins on thee we cast,
Thee, our perfect Sacrifice ;
And, forgetting all the past,
Press towards our glorious prize.
 - 3 Dark the future : let thy light
Guide us, bright and Morning Star ;
Fierce our foes, and hard the fight :
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.
 - 4 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of strength, be thou our Stay ;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.
 - 5 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort thou his dying head.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

6. Keep us faithful, keep us pure,
Keep us evermore thine own :
Help, O help us to endure :
Fit us for the promised crown.

96

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

FORTH in thy Name, O Lord, we go,
Our daily labour to pursue ;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.

- 2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned
Oh let us cheerfully fulfil ;
In all our works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Thee may we set at our right hand,
Whose eyes our inmost substance see,
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all our works to thee.
- 4 Give us to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day :
5. For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run our course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

97

G. H. Smyttan, 1825-70, and F. Pott.

FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild ;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled :

- 2 Sunbeams scorching all the day ;
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed ;
Prowling beasts about thy way ;
Stones thy pillow, earth thy bed

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Shall not we thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with thee to suffer pain ?
- 4 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.
- 5 So shall we have peace divine ;
Holier gladness ours shall be ;
Round us too shall Angels shine,
Such as ministered to thee.
6. Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by thy side ;
That with thee we may appear
At the eternal Eastertide.

98

Bishop R. Heber, 1783-1826.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile ;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation ! O, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

99

Charles Kingsley, 1819-75.

- FROM thee all skill and science flow,
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope—
O, pour them from above !
- 2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise, like incense, each to thee,
In noble thought and deed.
- 3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace ;
4. When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

100

G. Matheson, 1842-1906.

GATHER us in, thou Love that fillest all,
Gather our rival faiths within thy fold,
Rend each man's temple veil and bid it fall,
That we may know what thou hast been of old ;
Gather us in.

2 Gather us in : we worship only thee,
In varied names we stretch a common hand ;
In divers forms a common soul we see ;
In many ships we seek one spirit-land :
Gather us in.

3 Each sees one colour of thy rainbow light ;
Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven ;
Thou art the fullness of our partial sight ;
We are not perfect till we find the seven :
Gather us in.

4. Some need a Father in the heaven above ;
Some need on earth a Saviour to adore ;
Some need a Spirit, vast as life and love :
Within thy mansions we have all and more :
Gather us in.

101

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

2 Lamb of God, I look to thee ;
Thou shalt my example be :
Thou art gentle, meek and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

3 Fain I would be as thou art ;
Give me thy obedient heart.
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have thy loving mind.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Let me, above all, fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.
- 5 Thou didst live to God alone ;
Thou didst never seek thine own ;
Thou thyself didst never please :
God was all thy happiness.
- 6 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am :
Make me, Saviour, what thou art ;
Live thyself within my heart.
7. I shall then show forth thy praise,
Serve thee all my happy days ;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

102

I. Watts, 1674-1748.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The Saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

- *2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast,
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

103

J. Newton, 1725-1807.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode :
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, when such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?
Grace which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age !

- 3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus they march, the pillar leading,
Light by night and shade by day,
Daily on the manna feeding,
Which he gives them when they pray.

4. Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am ;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name :
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All its boasted pomp and show ;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

104

18th cent. Tr. E. Caswall.

GLORY be to Jesus,
Who, in bitter pains,
Poured for me the life-blood
From his sacred veins.

- 2 Grace and life eternal
In that Blood I find ;
Blest be his compassion,
Infinitely kind.
- 3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem.
- 4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.
- 5 Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.
- 6 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
7. Lift ye then your voices ;
Swell the mighty flood ;
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious Blood.

105

Bishop T. Ken, 1637-1711.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 Oh may my soul on thee repose ;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply :
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
6. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly Host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

106

H. Bonar, 1808-89.

GO, labour on ; spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?

- 2 Go, labour on ; 'tis not for nought ;
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain ;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not :
The Master praises ; what are men ?
- 3 Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;
Be wise the erring soul to win ;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

4. Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight cry, ' Behold, I come ! '

107

J. E. Rankin, 1828-1904.

GOD be with you till we meet again ;
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you :
God be with you till we meet again.

- 2 God be with you till we meet again ;
'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you :
God be with you till we meet again.
- 3 God be with you till we meet again ;
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arm unfailing round you :
God be with you till we meet again.
4. God be with you till we meet again ;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you :
God be with you till we meet again.

108

A. C. Ainger, 1841-1904.

GOD is working his purpose out as year succeeds
to year,
God is working his purpose out and the time is
drawing near ;
Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that
shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of
God as the waters cover the sea.

- 2 From utmost east to utmost west where'er man's
foot hath trod,
By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the
voice of God,

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

' Give ear to me, ye continents, ye isles, give ear
to me,

That the earth may be filled with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.'

3 What can we do to work God's work, to prosper
and increase

The brotherhood of all mankind, the reign of the
Prince of peace ?

What can we do to hasten the time, the time that
shall surely be,

When the earth shall be filled with the glory of
God as the waters cover the sea ?

4 March we forth in the strength of God with the
banner of Christ unfurled,

That the light of the glorious Gospel of truth may
shine throughout the world ;

Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set
their captives free,

That the earth may be filled with the glory of God
as the waters cover the sea.

5. All we can do is nothing worth unless God blesses
the deed ;

Vainly we hope for the harvest-tide till God gives
life to the seed ;

Yet nearer and nearer draws the time, the time
that shall surely be,

When the earth shall be filled with the glory of
God as the waters cover the sea.

109

W. Cowper, 1731-1800.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
5. Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

110

H. F. Lyte, 1793-1847.

- G**OD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of thy face :
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill thy Church with light divine ;
And thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.
- 2 Let the people praise thee, Lord ;
Be by all that live adored :
Let the nations shout and sing,
Glory to their Saviour King :
At thy feet their tributes pay,
And thy holy will obey.
 3. Let the people praise thee, Lord ;
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man his blessing give,
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

111

Rudyard Kipling.

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

2 The tumult and the shouting dies ;
The captains and the kings depart :
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

3 Far-called, our navies melt away ;
On dune and headland sinks the fire
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

5. For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord !

112

A. C. Ainger, 1841-1904.

GOD of our fathers, unto thee
Our fathers cried in danger's hour,
And then thou gavest them to see
The acts of thine almighty power.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

They cried to thee, and thou didst hear ;
They called on thee, and thou didst save ;
And we their sons to-day draw near
Thy name to praise, thy help to crave.
*Lord God of Hosts, uplift thine hand,
Protect and bless our Fatherland.*

- 2 Thine is the majesty, O Lord,
And thine dominion over all ;
When thou commandest, at thy word,
Great kings and nations rise or fall.
For eastern realms, for western coasts,
For islands washed by every sea,
The praise be given, O God of Hosts,
Not unto us but unto thee.
3. If in thy grace thou should'st allow
Our fame to wax through coming days,
Still grant us humbly, then as now,
Thy help to crave, thy name to praise.
Not all alike in speech or birth
Alike we bow before thy throne ;
One fatherland throughout the earth
Our Father's noble acts we own.

113

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies ;

- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins ;
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 O, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN-BOOK.

- 4 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure ;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.
5. Give me thy counsel for my guide ;
And then receive me to thy bliss :
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

114

17th or 18th cent.

GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King !
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us ;
God save the King !

2. Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour.
Long may he reign ;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King !

115

*Bishop Heber, 1783-1826.
Archbishop Whately, 1787-1863.*

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light ;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night ;
May thine Angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

2. Guard us waking, guard us sleeping ;
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

116

Bishop C. Wordsworth, 1807-85.

- G**RACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by thee, we covet most
Of thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly love.
- 2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong ;
Therefore give us love.
- 3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day ;
Love will ever with us stay ;
Therefore give us love.
- 4 Faith will vanish into sight ;
Hope be emptied in delight ;
Love in heaven will shine more bright ;
Therefore give us love.
5. Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand in hand agree ;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

117

*W. Williams, 1717-91.
Tr. P. and W. Williams.*

- G**UIDE me, O thou great Redeemer,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand :

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow ;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

118

4th cent. Tr. J. Keble.

HAIL, gladdening Light, of his pure glory
pour'd

Who is the immortal Father, heavenly, blest,
Holiest of holies, Jesus Christ our Lord.

- 2 Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
The lights of evening round us shine,
We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit Divine.
3. Worthiest art thou at all times to be sung
With undefiled tongue,
Son of our God, Giver of life, alone !
Therefore in all the world thy glories, Lord, they
own.

119

*C. Wesley, 1707-88, and
T. Cotterill, 1779-1823.*

HAIL the day that sees him rise Alleluia !
Glorious to his native skies ; Alleluia !
Christ, awhile to mortals given, Alleluia !
Enters now the highest heaven ! Alleluia !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 There the glorious triumph waits ; Alleluia !
Lift your heads, eternal gates ! Alleluia !
Christ hath vanquished death and sin ; Alleluia !
Take the King of glory in. Alleluia !
- 3 See ! the heaven its Lord receives, Alleluia !
Yet he loves the earth he leaves : Alleluia !
Though returning to his throne, Alleluia !
Still he calls mankind his own. Alleluia !
- 4 See ! he lifts his hands above ; Alleluia !
See ! he shows the prints of love : Alleluia !
Hark ! his gracious lips bestow Alleluia !
Blessings on his Church below. Alleluia !
- 5 Lord, though parted from our sight, Alleluia !
Far above yon azure height, Alleluia !
Grant our hearts may thither rise, Alleluia !
Seeking thee beyond the skies. Alleluia !
6. There we shall with thee remain, Alleluia !
Partners of thine endless reign ; Alleluia !
There thy face unclouded see, Alleluia !
Find our heaven of heavens in thee. Alleluia !

120

Bishop Venantius Fortunatus, 530-609.

Tr. M. F. Bell.

*H*AIL thee, Festival Day ! blest day that art
hallowed for ever ;
Day wherein God o'ercame hell and arose from the
dead.

- 2 Lo, the fair beauty of earth, from the death of the
winter arising,
Every good gift of the year now with its Master
returns.
- 3 He who was nailed to the Cross is God and the
Ruler of all things ;
All things created on earth worship the Maker
of all.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 God of all pity and power, let thy word be assured
to the doubting ;
Light on the third day returns : rise, Son of God,
from the tomb !
- 5 Ill doth it seem that thy limbs should linger in
lowly dishonour,
Ransom and price of the world, veiled from the
vision of men.
- *6 Ill it beseemeth that thou, by whose hand all
things are encompassed,
Captive and bound shouldst remain, deep in the
gloom of the rock.
- *7 Rise now, O Lord, from the grave and cast off
the shroud that enwrapped thee ;
Thou art sufficient for us : nothing without thee
exists.
- 8 Mourning they laid thee to rest, who art Author
of life and creation ;
Treading the pathway of death, life thou bestow-
edst on man.
- 9 Show us thy face once more, that the ages may
joy in thy brightness ;
Give us the light of day, darkened on earth at thy
death.
- 10 Out of the prison of death thou art rescuing
numberless captives ;
Freely they tread in the way whither their Maker
has gone.
11. Jesus has harrowed hell ; he has led captivity
captive :
Darkness and chaos and death flee from the face
of the light.

121

c. 14th cent. Tr. G. Gillett.

*H*AIL thee, Festival Day! blest day that art
hallowed for ever;
Day wherein God from heaven shone on the world
with his grace.

- 2 Lo! in the likeness of fire, on them that await
his appearing,
He whom the Lord foretold, suddenly, swiftly,
descends.
- 3 Forth from the Father he comes with his seven-
fold mystical dowry,
Pouring on human souls infinite riches of God.
- 4 Hark! in a hundred tongues Christ's own, his
chosen Apostles,
Preach to a hundred tribes Christ and his won-
derful works.
- 5 Praise to the Spirit of life, all praise to the Fount
of our being,
Light that dost lighten all, Life that in all dost
abide.
- 6 God, who art Giver of all good gifts and Lover of
concord,
Pour thy balm on our souls, order our ways in
thy peace.
- *7 God Almighty, who fillest the heaven, the earth
and the ocean,
Guard us from harm without, cleanse us from
evil within.
8. Kindle our lips with the live bright coal from
the hands of the Seraph;
Shine in our minds with thy light; burn in our
hearts with thy love.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed !
 Great David's greater Son ;
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To let the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 He comes with succour speedy
 To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemned and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth :
 Before him on the mountains
 Shall peace the herald go ;
 And righteousness in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall fall down before him,
 And gold and incense bring ;
 All nations shall adore him,
 His praise all people sing ;
 To him shall prayer unceasing
 And daily vows ascend ;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.

5. O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blest :

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever ;
That name to us is Love.

123

*C. Coffin, 1676-1749.
Yattendon Hymnal, No. 34.*

HAPPY are they, they that love God,
Whose hearts have Christ confest,
Who by his Cross have found their life,
And 'neath his yoke their rest.

2 Glad is the praise, sweet are the songs,
When they together sing ;
And strong the prayers that bow the ear
Of heaven's eternal King.

3 Christ to their homes giveth his peace,
And makes their loves his own :
But ah, what tares the evil one
Hath in his garden sown.

4 Sad were our lot, evil this earth,
Did not its sorrows prove
The path whereby the sheep may find
The fold of Jesu's love.

5. Then shall they know, they that love him,
How all their pain is good ;
And death itself cannot unbind
Their happy brotherhood.

124

F. W. Faber, 1814-63.

HARK ! hark, my soul ! Angelic songs are
swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat
shore ;
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are
telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more !

*Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !*

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
- 3 Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary.
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
4. Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in endless love.

125

J. Austin, d. 1659.

- H**ARK, my soul, how everything
Strives to serve our bounteous King ;
Each a double tribute pays,
Sings its part, and then obeys.
- 2 Nature's chief and sweetest quire
Him with cheerful notes admire ;
Chanting every day their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.
- 3 Though their voices lower be,
Streams have too their melody ;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.
- 4 All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring ;
If heaven bless them, thankful, they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 5 Only we can scarce afford
This short office to our Lord ;
We, on whom his bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.
- 6 Wake ! for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake ! and gladly sing thy part ;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.
7. Call whole nature to thy aid ;
Since 'twas he whole nature made ;
Join in one eternal song,
Who to one God all belong.

126

W. Cowper, 1731-1800.

- H**ARK, my soul ! it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
' Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 ' I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 ' Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 ' Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 ' Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ? ' -

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

6. Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee, and adore ;
O for grace to love thee more !

127

P. Doddridge, 1702-51.

HARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

- 2 He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.
4. Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy belovèd name.

128

C. Wesley, 1707-88, and others.

HARK ! the herald Angels sing
Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled :
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

*Hark ! the herald Angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.*

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come
Offspring of a Virgin's womb !
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
3. Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace !
Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings ;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

129

Bishop C. Wordsworth, 1807-85

HARK ! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Lord, to thee :
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stand,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hand.

- 2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of Christ,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr, and Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, godly Matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.
- 3 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Washed them in the Blood of Jesus ;
Tried they were, and firm they stood ;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

- 4 Marching with thy Cross their banner,
They have triumphed following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
Thee their Saviour and their King ;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered ;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they died,
And by death to life immortal
They were born, and glorified.

- 5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite ;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessed Trinity.

6. God of God, the One-begotten,
Light of light, Emmanuel,
In whose Body joined together
All the Saints for ever dwell ;
Pour upon us of thy fullness,
That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
God the Holy Ghost adore.

130

F. W. H. Myers, 1843-1901.

HARK, what a sound ! and too divine for
hearing,
Stirs on the earth and trembles in the air ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Is it the thunder of the Lord's appearing ?
Is it the music of his people's prayer ?

- 2 Surely he cometh, and a thousand voices
Shout to the saints, and to the deaf are dumb ;
Surely he cometh ; and the earth rejoices,
Glad in his coming who hath sworn, ' I come.'
- 3 This hath he done, and shall we not adore him ?
This shall he do, and can we still despair ?
Come let us gladly fling ourselves before him,
Cast at his feet the burden of our care.
4. Yea, thro' life, death, thro' sorrow and thro'
sinning,
Christ shall suffice us, for he hath sufficed ;
Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

131

Tate and Brady, 1698.

- H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind ;
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
- 2 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin ;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.
 - 3 The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain,
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.
 4. To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

132

F. W. Faber, 1814-63.

HAVE mercy on us, God most high,
Who lift our hearts to thee ;
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most holy Trinity.

- 2 When heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou in thy bliss and majesty
Didst live and love alone.
- *3 Thou wert not born ; there was no fount
From which thy Being flowed ;
There is no end which thou canst reach ;
But thou art simply God.
- 4 How wonderful creation is,
The work which thou didst bless,
And, oh, what then must thou be like,
Eternal loveliness !
- 5 How beautiful the Angels are,
The Saints how bright in bliss ;
But with thy beauty, Lord, compared,
How dull, how poor is this !
- *6 O listen then, most pitiful,
To thy poor creature's heart :
It blesses thee that thou art God,
That thou art what thou art.
7. Most ancient of all mysteries,
Still at thy throne we lie :
Have mercy now, most merciful,
Most holy Trinity.

133

I. Watts, 1674-1748.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead ;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK. .

- 2 They die in Jesus and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are ;
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
3. Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

134

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823-95.

- H**E is risen, he is risen :
Tell it with a joyful voice ;
He has burst his three days' prison ;
Let the whole wide earth rejoice.
Death is conquered, man is free,
Christ has won the victory.
- 2 Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,
With glad smile and radiant brow ;
Lent's long shadows have departed,
All his woes are over now,
And the Passion that he bore :
Sin and pain can vex no more.
 3. Come, with high and holy hymning,
Chant our Lord's triumphant lay ;
Not one darksome cloud is dimming
Yonder glorious morning ray,
Breaking o'er the purple east,
Brighter far our Easter-feast.

135

R. Baxter, 1615-91.

- H**E wants not friends that hath thy love,
And may converse and walk with thee,
And with thy Saints here and above,
With whom for ever I must be.
- 2 In the communion of Saints
Is wisdom, safety and delight ;
And when my heart declines and faints,
It's raised by their heat and light !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 As for my friends, they are not lost ;
The several vessels of thy fleet,
Though parted now, by tempests tost,
Shall safely in the haven meet.
- 4 Still we are centred all in thee,
Members, though distant, of one Head ;
In the same family we be,
By the same faith and spirit led.
- 5 Before thy throne we daily meet
As joint-petitioners to thee :
In spirit we each other greet,
And shall again each other see.
6. The heavenly hosts, world without end.
Shall be my company above ;
And thou, my best and surest Friend,
Who shall divide me from thy love ?

136

J. Bunyan, 1628-88.

HE who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster,
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master.
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

- 2 Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound—
His strength the more is.
No foes shall stay his might,
Though he with giants fight :
He will make good his right
To be a pilgrim.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

3. Since, Lord, thou dost defend
Us with thy Spirit,
We know we at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies flee away !
I'll fear not what men say,
I'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

137

Bishop T. Ken, 1637-1711.

- H**ER Virgin eyes saw God incarnate born,
When she to Bethl'em came that happy
morn ;
How high her raptures then began to swell,
None but her own omniscient Son can tell.
- 2 As Eve when she her fontal sin reviewed,
Wept for herself and all she should include,
Blest Mary with man's Saviour in embrace
Joyed for herself and for all human race.
- 3 All Saints are by her Son's dear influence blest,
She kept the very Fountain at her breast ;
The Son adored and nursed by the sweet Maid
A thousandfold of love for love repaid.
4. Heaven with transcendent joys her entrance
graced,
Next to his throne her Son his Mother placed ;
And here below, now she's of heaven possest,
All generations are to call her blest.

138

H. Bonar, 1808-89.

- H**ERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face ;
Here faith would touch and handle things
unseen ;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace, ■
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Here would I feed upon the Bread of God ;
Here drink with thee the royal Wine of heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load ;
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.
- 3 This is the hour of banquet and of song ;
This is the heavenly table spread for me ;
Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with thee.
- *4 Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone ;
The Bread and Wine remove, but thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.
- 5 I have no help but thine ; nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon :
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.
- 6 Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness ;
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing Blood ;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,—
Thy Blood, thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

139

C. E. Oakeley, 1832-65.

HILLS of the North, rejoice,
River and mountain spring,
Hark to the advent voice,

Valley and lowland sing :
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh ;
Judgement he brings and victory.

- 2 Isles of the Southern seas,
Deep in your coral caves
Pent be each warring breeze,
Lulled be your restless waves ;
He comes to reign with boundless sway,
And make your wastes his great highway.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Lands of the East, awake ;
 Soon shall your sons be free ;
 The sleep of ages break,
 And rise to liberty :
On your far hills, long cold and gray,
Has dawned the everlasting day.
- 4 Shores of the utmost West,
 Ye that have waited long,
 Unvisited, unblest,
 Break forth to swelling song ;
High raise the note, that Jesus died,
Yet lives and reigns—the Crucified !
5. Shout while we journey home,
 Songs be in every mouth ;
 Lo, from the North we come,
 From East, and West, and South :
City of God, the bond are free :
We come to live and reign in thee.

140

W. Canton.

- H**OLD thou my hands !
 In grief and joy, in hope and fear,
Lord, let me feel that thou art near :
 Hold thou my hands !
- 2 If e'er by doubts
 Of thy good Fatherhood depressed,
I cannot find in thee my rest :
 Hold thou my hands !
- 3 Hold thou my hands !
 These passionate hands too quick to smite,
 These hands so eager for delight :
 Hold thou my hands !
4. And when at length,
 With darkened eyes and fingers cold,
I seek some last loved hand to hold,
 Hold thou my hands !

141

R. H. Robinson.

HOLY Father, cheer our way
With thy love's perpetual ray ;
Grant us every closing day
Light at evening time.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears ;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie ;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

4. Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark with thee ;
Those thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

142

Isabella S. Stephenson, 1843-90.

HOLY Father, in thy mercy,
Hear our anxious prayer,
Keep our loved ones, now far distant,
'Neath thy care.

2 Jesus, Saviour, let thy presence
Be their light and guide ;
Keep, O, keep them, in their weakness,
At thy side.

3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

4 May the joy of thy salvation
Be their strength and stay ;
May they love and may they praise thee
Day by day.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 5 Holy Spirit, let thy teaching
Sanctify their life ;
Send thy grace, that they may conquer
In the strife.
6. Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
God the One in Three,
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
Near to thee.

143

Bishop R. Heber, 1783-1826.

- H**OLY, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
thee ;
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and mighty !
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity !
- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy ! all the Saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may
not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
4. Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth,
and sky, and sea ;
Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and mighty !
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity !

144

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 How charming is their voice,
 How sweet the tidings are !
 Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
 He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessèd are our eyes
 That see this heavenly light !
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad :
 Let every nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

145

I. Watts and others, 18th cent.

HOW bright these glorious spirits shine !
 Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day ?

- 2 Now with triumphal palms they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love amidst
 The glories of the sky.
- 3 His presence fills each heart with joy,
 Tunes every mouth to sing ;
 By day, by night, the sacred courts
 With glad Hosannas ring.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray ;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
- 5 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
6. In pastures green he'll lead his flock
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

146

J. T. Dow.

HOW can I cease to pray for thee ? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day :
Can he not reach thee with his tender care ?
Can he not hear me when for thee I pray ?

- 2 What matters it to him who holds within
The hollow of his hands all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin ?
Somewhere within his ken thou hast a place.
- 3 Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of him :
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to
climb ;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.
4. Then all the more, because thou canst not hear
Poor human words of blessing will I pray,
O true, brave heart ! God bless thee wheresoe'er
In God's great universe thou art to-day !

147

J. Milton, 1608-74.

HOW lovely are thy dwellings fair !
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
Thy pleasant tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near.

- 2 My soul doth long and almost die
Thy courts, O Lord, to see ;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.
- 3 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise ;
Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
4. They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladness cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

148

John Mason, c. 1645-94.

HOW shall I sing that Majesty
Which Angels do admire ?
Let dust in dust and silence lie ;
Sing, sing, ye heavenly choir.
Thousands of thousands stand around
Thy throne, O God most high ;
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
Thy praise ; but who am I ?

- 2 Thy brightness unto them appears,
Whilst I thy footsteps trace ;
A sound of God comes to my ears,
But they behold thy face.
They sing because thou art their Sun ;
Lord, send a beam on me ;
For where heaven is but once begun
There Alleluias be.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Enlighten with faith's light my heart,
Inflame it with love's fire ;
Then shall I sing and bear a part
With that celestial choir.
I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
With all my fire and light ;
Yet when thou dost accept their gold,
Lord, treasure up my mite.
4. How great a being, Lord, is thine,
Which doth all beings keep !
Thy knowledge is the only line
To sound so vast a deep.
Thou art the sea without a shore
A sun without a sphere ;
Thy time is now and evermore,
Thy place is everywhere.

149

J. Newton, 1725-1807.

- H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
6. Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

150

Sir H. W. Baker, 1821-77.

I AM not worthy, holy Lord,
That thou shouldst come to me ;
Speak but the word, one gracious word
Can set the sinner free.

- 2 I am not worthy ; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul ;
How canst thou deign to enter there ;
Lord, speak, and make me whole.
- 3 I am not worthy ; yet, my God,
How can I say thee nay ;
Thee, who didst give thy Flesh and Blood
My ransom-price to pay ?
- *4. O come ! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with Food divine ;
And fill with all thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine.

151

Tr. Mrs. C. F. Alexander.

I BIND unto myself to-day
The strong name of the Trinity,
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One, and One in Three.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 I bind this day to me for ever,
By power of faith, Christ's Incarnation ;
His baptism in Jordan river ;
His death on Cross for my salvation ;
His bursting from the spiced tomb ;
His riding up the heavenly way ;
His coming at the day of doom ;
I bind unto myself to-day.
- 3 I bind unto myself the power
Of the great love of Cherubim ;
The sweet ' Well done ' in judgement hour
The service of the Seraphim.
Confessors' faith, Apostles' word,
The Patriarchs' prayers, the Prophets' scrolls,
All good deeds done unto the Lord,
And purity of virgin souls.
- 4 I bind unto myself to-day
The virtues of the star-lit heaven,
The glorious sun's life-giving ray,
The whiteness of the moon at even,
The flashing of the lightning free,
The whirling wind's tempestuous shocks,
The stable earth, the deep salt sea,
Around the old eternal rocks.

Part 2.

- 5 I bind unto myself to-day
The power of God to hold and lead,
His eye to watch, his might to stay,
His ear to hearken to my need.
The wisdom of my God to teach,
His hand to guide, his shield to ward ;
The word of God to give me speech,
His heavenly host to be my guard.
- *6 Against the demon snares of sin,
The vice that gives temptation force,
The natural lusts that war within,
The hostile men that mar my course ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- Or few or many, far or nigh,
In every place, and in all hours,
Against their fierce hostility,
I bind to me these holy powers.
- *7 Against all Satan's spells and wiles,
Against false words of heresy,
Against the knowledge that defiles,
Against the heart's idolatry,
Against the wizard's evil craft,
Against the death-wound and the burning,
The choking wave, the poisoned shaft,
Protect me, Christ, till thy returning.
- 8 Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.
9. I bind unto myself the name,
The strong name of the Trinity ;
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One and One in Three.
Of whom all nature hath creation ;
Eternal Father, Spirit, Word :
Praise to the Lord of my salvation,
Salvation is of Christ the Lord.

152

A. A. Procter, 1825-64.

- I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load :
- 2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet :
- . I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :
 Lead me aright—
 Though strength should falter and though heart
 should bleed,
 Through Peace to Light.
- 4 I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
 Full radiance here :
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear.
5. I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see ;
 Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
 And follow thee.

153

H. Bonar, 1808-89.

- I** HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 ' Come unto me and rest ;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast : '
I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in him a resting place,
 And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 Behold, I freely give
 The living water, thirsty one ;
 Stoop down, and drink, and live : '
I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in him.
3. I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 ' I am this dark world's Light ;
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright : '

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

154

S. Longfellow, 1819-92.

I LOOK to thee in every need,
And never look in vain ;
I feel thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again :
The thought of thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road ;
But let me only think of thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still ;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will :
Thy presence fills my solitude ;
Thy providence turns all to good.

4. Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand ;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand ;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

155

Ben Jonson, 1573-1637.

I SING the Birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light ;
The Angels so did sound it :
The like the ravished shepherds said,
Who saw the light and were afraid,
Yet searched, and true they found it.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 The Son of God, the eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger ;
He whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.
- 3 What comfort by him do we win,
Who made himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of glory !
To see this Babe, all innocence,
A martyr born in our defence,—
Can men forget this story ?
4. The Father's wisdom willed it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature ;
And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made flesh indeed,
And took on him our nature.

156

Mrs. J. Luke, 1813-1906.

- I** THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold ;
I should like to have been with him then.
- 2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he
said,
' Let the little ones come unto me.'
 - 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love,
And if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall seek him and hear him above :
 - 4 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall
Never hear of that heavenly home ;
I should like them to know there is room for them
all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.
6. I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

157

W. Chalmers Smith, 1824-1908.

IMMORTAL, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, thy great name we praise.

- 2 Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, thou rulest in might ;
Thy justice like mountains high soaring above
Thy clouds which are fountains of goodness and
love.
- 3 To all life thou givest—to both great and small ;
In all life thou livest, the true life of all ;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish—but nought changeth thee.
4. Great Father of Glory, pure Father of Light,
Thine Angels adore thee, all veiling their sight ;
All laud we would render : O help us to see
'Tis only the splendour of light hideth thee.

158

J. G. Whittier, 1807-92.

IMMORTAL love for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Our outward lips confess the name,
All other names above ;
Love only knoweth whence it came
And comprehendeth love.
- 3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps .
To bring the Lord Christ down ;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.
- 4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.
- 5 The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are one again.
- 6 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame ;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.
7. Alone, O Love ineffable,
Thy saving name is given ;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven.

159

John Oxenham.

IN Christ there is no East or West,
In him no South or North,
But one great fellowship of love,
Throughout the whole wide earth.

- 2 In him shall true hearts everywhere
Their high communion find,
His service is the golden cord
Close-binding all mankind.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Join hands, then, Brothers of the Faith,
Whate'er your race may be !
Who serves my Father as a son
Is surely kin to me.
4. In Christ now meet both East and West,
In him meet South and North,
All Christly souls are one in him,
Throughout the whole wide earth.

160

R. F. Littledale, 1833-90.

IN Paradise reposing,
By life's eternal well,
The tender lambs of Jesus
In greenest pastures dwell.

- 2 There palms and tiny crownlets
Aglow with brightest gem,
Bedeck the baby martyrs
Who died in Bethlehem.
- 3 With them the rose-wreathed army
Of children undefiled,
Who passed through mortal torments
For love of Christ the Child ;
- 4 With them in peace unending,
With them in joyous mirth,
Are all the stainless infants
Which since have gone from earth.
- 5 The Angels, once their guardians,
Their fellows now in grace,
With them in love adoring,
See God the Father's face.
- *6 The lullaby to hush them
In that eternal rest,
Is sweet angelic singing,
Their nurse God's Mother blest.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

7. O Jesu, loving Shepherd,
Who tenderly dost bear
Thy lambs in thine own bosom,
Bring us to join them there.

161

H. Alford, 1810-71.

- I**N token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee his alone.
- 2 In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in his name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and his shame.
- 3 In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath his banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;
- 4 In token that thou too shalt tread
The path he travelled by,
Endure the Cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high :
5. Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for his own ;
And may the brow that wears his Cross
Hereafter share his crown.

162

E. H. Sears, 1810-76.

- I**T came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From Angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all gracious King :—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the Angels sing.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed Angels sing.
- 3 Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the Angels' strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man at war with man hears not
The song of love they bring :
Oh ! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the Angels sing !
- 4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow ;
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing :
Oh rest beside the weary road,
And hear the Angels sing.
5. For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold ;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the Angels sing.

163

Bishop W. W. How, 1823-97.

IT is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from heaven,
And die to save a child like me.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 And yet I know that it is true :
He chose a poor and humble lot,
And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and died,
For love of those who loved him not.
- 3 I cannot tell how he could love
A child so weak and full of sin ;
His love must be most wonderful,
If he could die my love to win.
- 4 I sometimes think about the Cross,
And shut my eyes, and try to see
The cruel nails and crown of thorns,
And Jesus crucified for me.
- 5 But even could I see him die,
I could but see a little part
Of that great love, which, like a fire,
Is always burning in his heart.
- 6 It is most wonderful to know
His love so free and sure ;
But 'tis more wonderful to see
My love for him so faint and poor.
7. And yet I want to love thee, Lord ;
O light the flame within my heart,
And I will love thee more and more,
Until I see thee as thou art.

164 *F. B. P. (c. 1580). Based on St. Augustine.*

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

- 2 O happy harbour of the Saints !
O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 In thee no sickness may be seen,
No hurt, no ache, no sore ;
In thee there is no dread of death,
But life for evermore.
- 4 No dampish mist is seen in thee,
No cold nor darksome night ;
There every soul shines as the sun ;
There God himself gives light.
- 5 There lust and lucre cannot dwell ;
There envy bears no sway ;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.
- 6 Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
God grant I once may see
Thy endless joys, and of the same
Partaker aye may be !
- 7 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square ;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl ;
Exceeding rich and rare ;
- 8 Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine ;
The very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine ;
- 9 Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear ;
Thy tiles are made of beaten gold—
O God that I were there !
- 10 Within thy gates no thing doth come
That is not passing clean,
No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
No filth may there be seen.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 11 Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see !

Part 2.

- 12 Thy Saints are crowned with glory great ;
They see God face to face ;
They triumph still, they still rejoice :
Most happy is their case.
- 13 We that are here in banishment,
Continually do mourn ;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.
- 14 Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.
- 15 But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.
- 16 Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
Most beautiful and fair,
Full furnishèd with trees and fruits,
Most wonderful and rare ;
- 17 Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
Continually are green ;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
- 18 There's nectar and ambrosia made,
There's musk and civet sweet ;
There many a fair and dainty drug
Is trodden under feet.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK

- 19 There cinnamon, there sugar grows,
There nard and balm abound ;
What tongue can tell, or heart conceive,
The joys that there are found !

Part 3.

- 20 Quite through the streets with silver sound
The flood of life doth flow,
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of life doth grow.
- 21 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring ;
There evermore the Angels sit,
And evermore do sing ;
- 22 There David stands with harp in hand
As master of the choir :
Ten thousand times that man were blest
That might this music hear.
- 23 Our Lady sings Magnificat
With tune surpassing sweet ;
And all the Virgins bear their parts,
Sitting about her feet.
- 24 Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like ;
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have not their songs to seek.
- 25 There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing
With blessèd Saints, whose harmony
In every street doth ring.
26. Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee !
Would God my woes were at an end
Thy joys that I might see !

165

S. Crossman, 1624-83.

JERUSALEM on high
 My song and city is,
 My home whene'er I die,
 The centre of my bliss :
*O happy place ! when shall I be,
 My God, with thee, to see thy face.*

- 2 There dwells my Lord, my King,
 Judged here unfit to live ;
 There Angels to him sing,
 And lowly homage give :
- 3 The Patriarchs of old
 There from their travels cease ;
 The Prophets there behold
 Their longed-for Prince of peace :
- 4 The Lamb's Apostles there
 I might with joy behold,
 The harpers I might hear
 Harping on harps of gold :
- 5 The bleeding Martyrs, they
 Within those courts are found,
 Clothèd in pure array,
 Their scars with glory crowned :
6. Ah me ! ah me ! that I
 In Kedar's tents here stay ;
 No place like that on high ;
 Lord, thither guide my way :

166

*Bernard of Cluny, 12th cent.
 Tr. J. M. Neale.*

JERUSALEM the golden !
 With milk and honey blest !
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 I know not, oh I know not,
What joys await us there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare !
- 3 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song ;
And bright with many an Angel
And all the martyr throng.
- 4 The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.
- 5 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast :
- 6 And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
- 7 Jerusalem the glorious !
The glory of the elect !
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect !
- 8 E'en now by faith I see thee :
E'en here thy walls discern :
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn.
- 9 O mine, O golden Zion !
Yea, brighter far than gold !
O sweet and blessèd country,
Shall I thy joys behold ?
10. Rejoice ! O dust and ashes !
Rejoice !—O joy divine !—
That God is now thy portion,
Both now and ever thine.

167

F. W. Faber, 1814-63.

JESU, gentlest Saviour,
God of might and power,
Thou thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.

2 Nature cannot hold thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For thine endless glory
And thy royal state.

3 Out beyond the shining
Of the furthest star
Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

5 Jesu, gentlest Saviour,
Thou art in us now ;
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

6. Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest,
Grace to persevere.

168

Percy Dearmer.

JESU, good above all others,
Gentle Child of gentle Mother,
In a stable born our Brother,
Give us grace to persevere.

2 Jesu, cradled in a manger,
For us facing every danger,
Living as a homeless stranger,
Make we thee our King most dear.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Jesu, for thy people dying,
Risen Master, death defying,
Lord in heaven, thy grace supplying,
Keep us by thine altar near.
- 4 Jesu, who our sorrows bearest,
All our thoughts and hopes thou sharest,
Thou to man the truth declarest ;
Help us all thy truth to hear.
5. Lord, in all our doings guide us ;
Pride and hate shall ne'er divide us ;
We'll go on with thee beside us,
And with joy we'll persevere !

169

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

- J**ESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past :
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave—ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
 3. Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin !
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart ;
Rise to all eternity.

170

G. R. Prynne, 1818-1903.

JESU, meek and gentle,
 Son of God most high,
 Pitying, loving Saviour,
 Hear thy children's cry.

2 Pardon our offences,
 Loose our captive chains,
 Break down every idol
 Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,
 Fill our hearts with love,
 Draw us, holy Jesu,
 To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
 Be thyself the Way
 Through terrestrial darkness
 To celestial day.

5. Jesu, meek and gentle,
 Son of God most high,
 Pitying, loving Saviour,
 Hear thy children's cry.

171

H. Collins.

JESU, my Lord, my God, my All,
 Hear me, blest Saviour, when I call ;
 Hear me, and from thy dwelling-place
 Pour down the riches of thy grace ;
 Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
 O make me love thee more and more.

2 Jesu, too late I thee have sought,
 How can I love thee as I ought ?
 And how extol thy matchless fame,
 The glorious beauty of thy Name ?
 Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
 O make me love thee more and more.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Jesu, what didst thou find in me,
That thou hast dealt so lovingly ?
How great the joy that thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought !
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
O make me love thee more and more.
4. Jesu, of thee shall be my song,
To thee my heart and soul belong ;
All that I have or am is thine,
And thou, blest Saviour, thou art mine.
Jesu, my Lord, I thee adore,
O make me love thee more and more.

172

Mary L. Duncan, 1814-40.

- J**ESU, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night ;
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.
- 2 All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care ;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.
3. Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well ;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

173

St. Bernard, 1091-1153. Tr. J. M. Neale.

- J**ESU !—the very thought is sweet !
In that dear name all heart-joys meet ;
But sweeter than the honey far
The glimpses of his presence are.
- 2 No word is sung more sweet than this :
No name is heard more full of bliss :
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,
Than Jesus, Son of God most high.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Jesu ! the hope of souls forlorn !
How good to them for sin that mourn !
To them that seek thee, O how kind !
But what art thou to them that find ?
- 4 Jesu, thou sweetness, pure and blest,
Truth's Fountain, Light of souls distressed,
Surpassing all that heart requires,
Exceeding all that soul desires !
5. No tongue of mortal can express,
No pen can write the blessedness :
He only who hath proved it knows
What bliss from love of Jesus flows.

174 *St. Bernard, 1091-1153. Tr. E. Caswall.*

- J**ESU, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.
- 2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesu's name,
The Saviour of mankind.
 - 3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek !
 - 4 But what to those who find ? Ah ! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.
 - 5 Jesu, our only Joy be thou,
As thou our Prize wilt be ;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Part 2.

- 6 O Jesu, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found !
- 7 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.
- 8 O Jesu, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire ;
- 9 Jesu, may all confess thy name,
Thy wondrous love adore,
And, seeking thee, themselves inflame
To seek thee more and more.
10. Thee, Jesu, may our voices bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

175

Ray Palmer, 1808-87.

- J**ESU, thou joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of life, thou Light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn unfilled to thee again.
- 2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on thee call :
To them that seek thee thou art good ;
To them that find thee, all in all !
 - 3 We taste thee, O thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still ;
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold thee fast.
5. O Jesu, ever with us stay ;
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away ;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

176

From the Latin.

- J**ESU, thy mercies are untold
Through each returning day ;
Thy love exceeds a thousandfold
Whatever we can say ;
- 2 That love which in thy passion drained,
For us thy precious Blood :
That love whereby the Saints have gained
The vision of their God.
- 3 'Tis thou hast loved us from the womb,
Pure Source of all our bliss,
Our only hope of life to come,
Our happiness in this.
4. Lord, grant us, while on earth we stay,
Thy love to feel and know ;
And, when from hence we pass away,
To us thy glory show.

177

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823-95.

- J**ESUS calls us ; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, ' Christian, follow me ; '
- 2 As of old the Apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for his dear sake.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, ' Christian, love me more.'
- 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
' Christian, love me more than these.'
5. Jesus calls us ; by thy mercies,
Saviour, make us hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

178

Based on Latin Hymn. c. 13th cent.

- J**ESUS Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia !
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia !
Who did once, upon the Cross, Alleluia !
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia !
- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia !
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia !
Who endured the Cross and grave, Alleluia !
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia !
3. But the pains that he endured, Alleluia !
Our salvation have procured ; Alleluia !
Now above the sky he's King, Alleluia !
Where the Angels ever sing. Alleluia !

179

C. F. Gellert, 1715-69.

Tr. Frances E. Cox and others.

- J**ESUS lives ! Thy terrors now
Can no longer, Death appal us ;
Jesus lives ! By this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Jesus lives ! Henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia !
- 3 Jesus lives ! For us he died :
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia !
- 4 Jesus lives ! Our hearts know well
Nought from us his love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from his keeping ever.
Alleluia !
5. Jesus lives ! To him the throne
Over all the world is given ;
May we go where he is gone,
Rest and reign with him in heaven.
Alleluia !

180

R. Orme Assheton.

JESUS, my Shepherd, here I know,
He knoweth all my needs ;
And where the living waters flow
His flock he gently leads.

- 2 In righteous ways, my righteous Lord
His steps will have me trace,
And turns again my erring soul
Unto her resting-place.
- 3 Yea, in the still and shadowed land
No fears my heart dismay,
While on before, with staff in hand,
Himself he leads the way.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 What if my foes around me press,
Thy Table, Lord, is spread,
The Cup of blessing thou dost bless,
And joy is o'er me shed.
5. O thou who keepest grace and love
For all my days in store,
Grant me within thy fold above
To dwell for evermore.

181

I. Watts, 1674-1748.

- J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
 - 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
 - 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
 5. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

182

W. Cowper, 1731-1800.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care :
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
5. Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own !

183

Henry Scott Holland, 1847-1918.

- J**UDGE eternal, throned in splendour,
Lord of lords and King of kings,
With thy living fire of judgement
Purge this realm of bitter things :
Solace all its wide dominion
With the healing of thy wings.
- 2 Still the weary folk are pining
For the hour that brings release :
And the city's crowded clangour
Cries aloud for sin to cease ;
And the homesteads and the woodlands
Plead in silence for their peace.
 3. Crown, O God, thine own endeavour :
Cleave our darkness with thy sword :
Feed the faint and hungry heathen
With the richness of thy word :
Cleanse the body of this empire
Through the glory of the Lord.

184

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.

JUST as I am, without one plea
But that thy Blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

2 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come !

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come !

4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !

5 Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

6. Just as I am, of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come !

185

J. Newton, 1725-1807.

KINDLY spring again is here,
Trees and fields in bloom appear ;
Hark ! the birds with artless lays
Warble their Creator's praise.

2 Where in winter all was snow,
Now the flowers in clusters grow ;
And the corn, in green array,
Promises a harvest-day.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Lord, afford a spring to me,
Let me feel like what I see ;
Speak, and by thy gracious voice,
Make my drooping soul rejoice.
4. On thy garden deign to smile,
Raise the plants, enrich the soil ;
Soon thy presence will restore
Life to what seemed dead before.

186

George Herbert, 1593-1633.

KING of glory, King of peace,
I will love thee ;
And that love may never cease,
I will move thee.

- 2 Thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast heard me ;
Thou didst note my troubled breast,
Thou hast spared me.
- 3 Wherefore with my utmost art
I will sing thee,
And the cream of all my heart
I will bring thee.
- 4 Though my sins against me cried,
Thou didst clear me ;
And alone, when they replied,
Thou didst hear me.
- 5 Seven whole days, not one in seven,
I will praise thee ;
In my heart, though not in heaven,
I can raise thee.
6. Small it is, in this poor sort
To enrol thee :
E'en eternity's too short
To extol thee.

187

Henry Vaughan, 1621-95.

KING of mercy, King of love,
In whom I live, in whom I move,
Perfect what thou hast begun,
Let no light put out this sun.

- 2 Grant I may, my chief Desire,
Long for thee, to thee aspire ;
Let my youth, my bloom of days,
Be my comfort, and thy praise ;
- 3 That hereafter, when I look,
O'er the sullied, sinful book,
I may find thy hand therein
Wiping out my shame and sin.
- 4 Oh, it is thy only art
To reduce a stubborn heart ;
And, since thine is victory,
Strongholds should belong to thee.
5. Lord, then take it, leave it not
Unto my dispose or lot ;
Since I would not have it mine,
O my God, let it be thine.

188

J. H. Newman, 1801-90.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

3. So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
And with the morn those Angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

189

J. Edmeston, 1791-1867.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but thee ;
Yet possessing every blessing
 If our God our Father be.

- 2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us,
 All our weakness thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
 Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
 Through the desert thou didst go.

3. Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
 Pleasure that can never cloy :
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
 Nothing can our peace destroy !

190

Liturgy of St. James. Tr. G. Moultrie.

LET all mortal flesh keep silence, and with fear
and trembling stand ;
Ponder nothing earthly-minded, for with blessing
 in his hand,
Christ our God to earth descendeth, our full
homage to demand.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 King of kings, yet born of Mary, as of old on
earth he stood,
Lord of lords, in human vesture—in the Body
and the Blood—
He will give to all the faithful his own Self for
heavenly Food.
- 3 Rank on rank the host of heaven spreads its
vanguard on the way,
As the Light of light descendeth from the realms
of endless day,
That the powers of hell may vanish as the dark-
ness clears away.
4. At his feet the six-winged Seraph; Cherubim with
sleepless eye,
Veil their faces to the Presence, as with ceaseless
voice they cry,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Lord most high.

191

George Herbert, 1593-1632.

LET all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King !
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly ;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King !

- 2 Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King !
The Church with psalms must shout,
No door can keep them out ;
But above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

3. Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King !
The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly ;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing,
My God and King !

192

C. Coffin, 1676-1749. Tr. W. J. Blew.

- LET sighing cease and woe,
God from on high hath heard,
Heaven's gate is opening wide, and lo !
The long-expected Word.
- 2 Peace ! through the deep of night
The heavenly choir breaks forth,
Singing, with festal songs and bright,
Our God and Saviour's birth.
- 3 The cave of Bethlehem
Those wakeful shepherds seek :
Let us too rise and greet with them
That infant pure and meek.
- 4 We enter—at the door
What marvel meets the eye ?
A crib, a mother pale and poor,
A child of poverty.
- 5 Art thou the eternal Son,
The eternal Father's ray ?
Whose little hand, thou infant one,
Doth lift the world alway ?
- 6 Yea—faith through that dim cloud,
Like lightning, darts before,
And greets thee, at whose footstool bowed
Heaven's trembling hosts adore.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 7 Chaste be our love like thine,
Our swelling souls bring low,
And in our hearts, O Babe divine,
Be born, abide, and grow.
8. So shall thy birthday morn,
Lord Christ, our birthday be,
Then greet we all, ourselves new-born,
Our King's nativity.

193

c. 10th cent. Tr. Bp. R. Mant.

LET the round world with songs rejoice ;
Let heaven return the joyful voice ;
All mindful of the Apostles' fame,
Earth, sky, their Sovereign's praise proclaim.

- 2 Thou, at whose word they bore the light
Of gospel truth o'er heathen night,
Oh still to us that light impart,
To glad our eyes and cheer our heart.
- 3 Thou, at whose will they preached the word
Which cured disease, which health conferred ;
To us its healing power prolong ;
The weak support, confirm the strong :
4. That when thy Son again shall come,
And speak the world's unerring doom,
He may with them pronounce us blest.
And place us in thy endless rest.

194

J. Milton, 1608-74.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind .
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state :
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain :
For his mercies aye endure
Ever faithful, ever sure !
- 4 Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light :
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !
- 5 And caused the golden-tressèd sun
All the day long his course to run :
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !
- 6 The hornèd moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright :
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !
- 7 All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need :
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !
8. Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth :
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure !

195

Tate and Brady.

LIFT up your heads, eternal gates !
Unfold to entertain
The King of glory ; see, he comes
With his celestial train !

- 2 Who is the King of glory ? Who ?
The Lord for strength renowned ;
In battle mighty, o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crowned.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates ! unfold
In state to entertain
The King of glory ; see he comes
With all his shining train !

4 Who is the King of glory ? Who ?
The Lord of Hosts renowned ;
Of glory, he alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

5. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Immortal glory be,
Who was, and is, and shall be still,
To all eternity.

196

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass,
Ye bars of iron, yield,
And let the King of glory pass ;
The Cross is in the field.

2 That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on the march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

3 A holy war those servants wage ;
Mysteriously at strife
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

4 Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post.

5 Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
Go to the conquest of all lands ;
All must be his at length.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

6. Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield ;
Behold the King of Glory pass ;
The Cross hath won the field.

197

H. Montagu Butler, 1833-1919.

- 'LIFT up your hearts ! ' We lift them, Lord, to thee ;
Here at thy feet none other may we see :
' Lift up your hearts ! ' E'en so, with one accord,
We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.
- 2 Above the level of the former years,
The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,
The mist of doubt, the blight of love's decay,
O Lord of Light, lift all our hearts to-day !
- 3 Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame,
The deeds, the thoughts, that honour may not name,
The halting tongue that dares not tell the whole,
O Lord of Truth, lift every Christian soul !
- 4 Lift every gift that thou thyself hast given ;
Low lies the best till lifted up to heaven :
Low lie the bounding heart, the teeming brain,
Till, sent from God, they mount to God again.
5. Then, as the trumpet-call, in after years,
' Lift up your hearts ! ' rings pealing in our ears,
Still shall those hearts respond, with full accord,
' We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord ! '

198

St. Thomas à Kempis, 1380-1471.

Tr. J. M. Neale.

LIGHT'S abode, celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the highest King ;
Oh, how glorious are the praises
Which of thee the prophets sing !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is out-poured ;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast day of the Lord ;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.
- 3 There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air ;
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,
From the Sun of suns is there ;
There no night brings rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.
- 4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally !
- 5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid ;
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.
6. Laud and honour to the Father,
Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
While unending ages run.

199

W. Blake, 1757-1827.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
Making all the vales rejoice ?
 Little lamb, who made thee ?
 Dost thou know who made thee ?

2. Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;
 Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;
He is callèd by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and he is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by his name.
 Little lamb, God bless thee !
 Little lamb, God bless thee !

200

*G. Tersteegen, 1697-1769.
Tr. J. Wesley.*

- L**O ! God is here ! let us adore
 And own how dreadful is this place !
Let all within us feel his power,
 And silent bow before his face,
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.
- 2 Lo ! God is here ! him day and night
 The united choirs of Angels sing ;
To him, enthroned above all height,
 Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring.
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.
3. Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
 Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone ;
To thee our will, soul, flesh we give,
 O take, O seal them for thine own ;
Thou art the God : thou art the Lord :
Be thou by all thy works adored.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

4. Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will ;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

201

*C. Wesley, 1707-88,
and J. Cennick, 1718-55.*

- I**O ! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand Saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train :
Alleluia !
God appears, on earth to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing
Shall the true Messiah see.
- 3 Those dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshippers :
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !
4. Yea, amen ! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne ;
Saviour, take the power and glory :
Claim the kingdom for thine own :
O come quickly !
Alleluia ! Come, Lord, come !

202

R. Hill, 1744-1833, and others.

LO ! round the throne, a glorious band,
The Saints in countless myriads stand,
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in Blood.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Through tribulation great they came ;
They bore the cross, despised the shame ;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace ;
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To him the loud thanksgiving raise :
- 4 Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign ;
Thou hast redeemed us¹ by thy Blood,
And made us kings and² priests to God.'
5. Oh, may we tread the sacred road
That Saints and holy Martyrs trod ;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life.

203

G. H. Bourne.

LORD, enthroned in heavenly splendour,
First-begotten from the dead,
Thou alone, our strong Defender,
Liftest up thy people's head.

Alleluia,

Jesu, true and living Bread !

- 2 Here our humblest homage pay we ;
Here in loving reverence bow ;
Here for Faith's discernment pray we,
Lest we fail to know thee now.

A¹lluia,

Thou art here, we ask not how.

- 3 Though the lowliest form doth veil thee
As of old in Bethlehem,
Here as there thine Angels hail thee,
Branch and Flower of Jesse's stem.

Alleluia,

We in worship join with them.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Paschal Lamb, thine Offering, finished
Once for all when thou wast slain,
In its fullness undiminished
Shall for evermore remain,
Alleluia,
Cleansing souls from every stain.
5. Life-imparting heavenly Manna,
Stricken Rock with streaming side,
Heaven and earth with loud Hosanna
Worship thee, the Lamb who died,
Alleluia,
Risen, ascended, glorified !

204

Laurence Housman.

- L**ORD God of Hosts, within whose hand
Dominion rests on sea and land,
Before whose word of life or death
The strength of nations is but breath :
O King, enthroned all thrones above,
Give strength unto the land we love.
- 2 Thou Breath of Life since time began,
Breathing upon the lips of man,
Hast taught each kindred race to raise
United word to sound thy praise :
So, in this land, join, we beseech,
All hearts and lips in single speech.
- 3 To George our Saint thou gavest grace
Without one fear all foes to face,
And to confess by faithful death
That Word of Life which was his breath.
O help us, Helper of Saint George,
To fear no bonds that man can forge.
4. Arm us like him, who in thy trust
Beat down the dragon to the dust ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

So that we too may tread down sin
And with thy Saints a crown may win.
Help us, O God, that we may be
A land acceptable to thee.

205

H. Downton, 1818-85.

- L**ORD, her watch thy Church is keeping :
When shall earth thy rule obey ?
When shall end the night of weeping ?
When shall break the promised day ?
See the whitening harvest languish,
Waiting still the labourers' toil ;
Was it vain—thy Son's deep anguish ?
Shall the strong retain the spoil ?
- 2 Tidings, sent to every creature,
Millions yet have never heard :
Can they hear without a preacher ?
Lord Almighty, give the word !
Give the word !—in every nation
Let the gospel trumpet sound,
Witnessing a world's salvation,
To the earth's remotest bound.
3. Then the end ! Thy Church completed,
All thy chosen gathered in,
With their King in glory seated,
Satan bound, and banished sin ;
Gone for ever parting, weeping,
Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain :—
Lo ! her watch thy Church is keeping ;
Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign !

206

R. Baxter, 1615-91.

- L**ORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To end my toilsome day ?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before ;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be !
- *5 There shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant Saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
6. My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

207 *Bp. Synesius, 375-430. Tr. A. W. Chatfield.*

LORD Jesus, think on me,
And purge away my sin ;
From earthborn passions set me free,
And make me pure within.

- 2 Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe opprest ;
Let me thy loving servant be,
And taste thy promised rest.

- 3 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Amid the battle's strife ;
In all my pain and misery
Be thou my health and life.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray ;
Through darkness and perplexity
Point thou the heavenly way.
- 5 Lord Jesus, think on me,
When flows the tempest high :
When on doth rush the enemy
O Saviour, be thou nigh.
6. Lord Jesus, think on me,
That, when the flood is past,
I may the eternal brightness see,
And share thy joy at last.

208

O. Wendell Holmes, 1809-94.

- L**ORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !
- 2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
 - 3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn,
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn,
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.
 - 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
 5. Grant us thy truth to make us free
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

209

P. Pusey, 1799-1855.

Based on the German, 17th cent.

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

- 2 See round thine ark the hungry billows curling ;
See how thy foes their banners are unfurling ;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.
- 3 Lord, thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth ;
Christ, o'er thy Rock nor death nor hell prevailleth ;
Grant us thy peace, Lord.
- *4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging ;
Peace in thy Church, where brothers are engaging ;
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging :
Calm thy foes' raging.
5. Grant us thy help till backward they are driven,
Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven ;
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in thy heaven.

210

I. Watts, 1674-1748.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are !
To thine abode my heart aspires
With warm desires to see my God.

- 2 O happy souls that pray
Where God delights to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still, and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet !
4. The Lord his people loves,
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls.
Thrice happy he, O Lord of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee.

211

J. Montgomery, 1771-1854.

- L**ORD, pour thy Spirit from on high,
And thine ordainèd servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.
- 2 Within thy temple when they stand,
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour, like stars in thy right hand,
Let all thy Church's pastors be.
- 3 Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness, from above,
To bear thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love :
- 4 To watch, and pray, and never faint,
By day and night their guard to keep,
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
To feed thy lambs, and tend thy sheep.
5. So, when their work is finished here,
May they in hope their charge resign ;
So, when their Master shall appear,
May they with crowns of glory shine.

212

Frances R. Havergal, 1836-79.

- L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone ;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.
- 2 Oh lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
Oh feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.
- 3 Oh strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 4 Oh teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.
- 5 Oh give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.
- 6 Oh fill me with thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.
7. Oh use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where ;
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share.

213

J. Montgomery, 1771-1854.

LORD, teach us how to pray aright
With reverence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 We perish if we cease from prayer ;
O grant us power to pray ;
And when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.
- 3 God of all grace, we come to thee
With broken contrite hearts ;
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts ;
- 4 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone ;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone ;
- 5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.
6. Give these, and then thy will be done ;
Thus, strengthened with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

214

Sir H. W. Baker, 1821-77.

LORD, thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth ;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

- 2 When our foes are near us,
Then thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.
- 3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted ?
- 5 Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living ;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying.
6. Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear thee,
Evermore be near thee !

215

J. R. Wreford, 1800-81

- L**ORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.
- 2 O guard our shores from every foe ;
With peace our borders bless ;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.
 - 3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee ;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.
 4. Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend ;
Be thou her Refuge and her Trust,
Her everlasting Friend.

216

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

- L**OVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Jesu, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

- 2 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3. Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be ;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee,
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

217 *12th cent. Tr. Yattendon Hymnal, No. 28.*

LOVE of the Father, love of God the Son,
From whom all came, in whom was all begun ;
Who formest heavenly beauty out of strife,
Creation's whole desire and breath of life.

- 2 Thou the all-holy, thou supreme in might,
Thou dost give peace, thy presence maketh right ;
Thou with thy favour all things dost enfold,
With thine all-kindness free from harm wilt hold.
- 3 Hope of all comfort, splendour of all aid,
That dost not fail nor leave the heart afraid :
To all that cry thou dost all help accord,
The Angels' armour, and the Saints' reward.
- 4 Purest and highest, wisest and most just,
There is no truth save only in thy trust ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Thou dost the mind from earthly dreams recall,
And bring through Christ to him for whom are all.

5. Eternal glory, all men thee adore,
Who art and shalt be worshipped evermore :
Us whom thou madest, comfort with thy might,
And lead us to enjoy thy heavenly light.

218

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

- L**OVE'S redeeming work is done ;
Fought the fight, the battle won :
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er !
Lo, he sets in blood no more !
- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise ;
Christ has opened Paradise.
- 3 Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Dying once, he all doth save ;
Where thy victory, O grave ?
- 4 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like him, like him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
5. Hail the Lord of earth and heaven !
Praise to thee by both be given :
Thee we greet triumphant now ;
Hail, the Resurrection thou !

219

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 92 (1899).

- L**OVE, unto thine own who camest
Condescending,
Whom thine own received not :
Light, that shinedst in the darkness,
But the darkness
Thy splendour perceived not :

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Oh, blessèd were they who saw thee,
Who were chosen
First saints of thy saving word :
Blessèd they who have not seen thee,
Yet believing
Are called by thee, O Lord.
- 3 Like stars in the night appearing,
Some are shining,
Leaders high of man's desire :
Saints are some, in silent temples
Ever burning
Bright lamps of Love's living fire.
- 4 Thou hidest them, Love Almighty,
In thy presence
From this world's provoking wrongs :
Sheltered in thy quiet haven
Thou dost keep them
From strife of ungodly tongues.
5. Love, unto thine own who camest,
May thy servants
Thy great love receive aright :
Grant, O grant that out of darkness
All creation
May come to thy marvellous light.

220

John Newton, 1725-1807.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

2. Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

221

Julia Ward Howe (1861).

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming
of the Lord :

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored ;

He hath loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible
swift sword,

His truth is marching on.

2 I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps ;

They have builded him an altar in the evening
dews and damps ;

I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps ;

His day is marching on.

*3 I have read a fiery Gospel writ in burnished
rows of steel ;

' As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
Grace shall deal ' ;

Let the Hero born of Woman crush the Serpent
with his heel,

Since God is marching on.

4 He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat ;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his
Judgement seat ;

O, be swift, my soul, to answer him ; be jubilant,
my feet !

Our God is marching on.

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across
the sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you
and me ;

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free

While God is marching on.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

6. He is coming like the glory of the morning on
the wave ;
He is wisdom to the mighty, he is succour to the
brave ;
So the world shall be his footstool, and the soul of
time his slave ;
Our God is marching on.

222

Edmund Spenser, 1553-99.

- M**OST glorious Lord of life, that on this day
Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
And having harrowed hell, didst bring away,
Captivity thence captive, us to win :
- 2 This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we for whom thou diddest die,
Being with thy dear Blood clean washed from sin,
May live for ever in felicity :
3. And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same again ;
And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
With love may one another entertain ;
- So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought ;
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

223

Ray Palmer, 1808-87.

- M**Y faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide ;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
4. When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove ;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

224

P. Doddridge, 1702--51.

MY God, and is thy Table spread,
And does thy Cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness know.

- 2 Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of his Flesh and Blood !
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred Stream, that heavenly Food.
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed ?
Was not for them the Victim slain ?
Are they forbid the children's Bread ?
4. Oh, let thy Table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests,
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes !

225

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

MY God, how endless is thy love ;
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours :
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3. I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days :
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

226

F. W. Faber, 1814-63.

MY God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light !

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored !

3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity !

4 Oh, how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears !

5 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 6 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me thy sinful child.
7. Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee.

227 *St. Francis Xavier, 1506-52. Tr. E. Caswall.*

- M**Y God, I love thee ; not because
I hope for heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love thee not
Are lost eternally.
- 2 Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace ;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace,
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony ;
E'en death itself ; and all for one
Who was thine enemy.
- 4 Then why, O blessèd Jesu Christ,
Should I not love thee well,
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Or of escaping hell ;
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward ;
But as thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord !
6. E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing,
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

- M**Y God, I thank thee, who hast made
 The earth so bright,
 So full of splendour and of joy,
 Beauty and light ;
 So many glorious things are here,
 Noble and right.
- 2 I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
 Joy to abound ;
 So many gentle thoughts and deeds
 Circling us round,
 That in the darkest spot on earth
 Some love is found.
- 3 I thank thee more that all my joy
 Is touched with pain,
 That shadows fall on brightest hours,
 That thorns remain,
 So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
 And not our chain.
- 4 For thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
 Our weak heart clings,
 Hast given us joy, tender and true,
 Yet all with wings,
 So that we see, gleaming on high,
 Diviner things.
- 5 I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
 The best in store ;
 We have enough, but not too much
 To long for more,—
 A yearning for a deeper peace
 Not known before.
6. I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
 Though amply blest,
 Can never find, although they seek,
 A perfect rest—
 Nor ever shall, until they lean
 On Jesu's breast.

229

Frederic Mann.

MY God, my Father, make me strong,
When tasks of life seem hard and long,
To greet them with this triumph song—
Thy Will be done.

- 2 Draw from my timid eyes the veil,
To show, where earthly forces fail,
Thy power and love must still prevail,
Thy Will be done.
- 3 With confident and humble mind,
Freedom in service I would find,
Praying through every toil assigned,
Thy Will be done.
- 4 Things deemed impossible I dare,
Thine is the call and thine the care,
Thy wisdom shall the way prepare,
Thy Will be done.
- 5 All power is here and round me now,
Faithful I stand in rule and vow,
While 'tis not I but ever thou ;
Thy Will be done.
6. Heaven's music chimes the glad days in,
Hope soars beyond death, pain and sin,
Faith shouts in triumph, Love must win,
Thy Will be done.

230

F. W. Faber, 1814-63.

MY God ! my God ! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts
Than of the wind that waves the bough ?

- 2 I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and thy long prayer.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Shall it be always thus, O Lord ?
 Wilt thou not work this hour in me
 The grace thy Passion merited,
 Hatred of self, and love of thee !
- 4 Ever when tempted, make me see,
 Beneath the olives' moon-pierced shade,
 My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
 And bleeding, on the earth he made ;
5. And make me feel it was my sin,
 As though no other sins there were,
 That was to him who bears the world
 A load that he could scarcely bear.

231

S. Crossman, 1624-83.

- M**Y song is love unknown ;
 My Saviour's love to me ;
 Love to the loveless shown,
 That they might lovely be.
 Oh, who am I,
 That for my sake
 My Lord should take
 Frail flesh, and die ?
- 2 He came from his blest throne,
 Salvation to bestow :
 Him men made strange, and none
 The longed-for Christ would know.
 But, oh, my Friend ;
 My Friend indeed,
 Who at my need
 His life did spend.
- 3 Sometimes they strow his way,
 And his sweet praises sing ;
 Resounding all the day,
 Hosannas to their King.
 Then 'Crucify !'
 Is all their breath,
 And for his death
 They thirst and cry.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Why, what hath my Lord done ?
What makes this rage and spite ?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries !
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst him rise.
- 5 They rise, and needs will have
My dear Lord made away ;
A murderer they save,
The Prince of Life they slay.
Yet cheerful he
To suffering goes,
That he his foes
From thence might free.
- 6 In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have
In death, no friendly tomb
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say ?
Heaven was his home ;
But mine the tomb
Wherein he lay.
7. Here might I stay and sing,
No story so divine ;
Never was love, dear King !
Never was grief like thine.
This is my Friend,
In whose sweet praise
I all my days
Could gladly spend.

232

Henry Vaughan, 1621-95.

MY soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
And one born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
- 3 He left the heavenly City,
And (O my soul, awake !)
Came in pure love and pity,
To die here for thy sake.
- 3 If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
5. Leave then thy foolish ranges,
For none can thee secure
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

233

J. Byrom, 1692-1763.

MY spirit longs for thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a Guest.

- 2 Of so divine a Guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from thee.
- 3 Unless it come from thee,
In vain I look around ;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found.
4. No rest is to be found
But in thy blessèd love :
O let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above !

234

Sarah F. Adams, 1805-48.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me ;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone ;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
- 3 There let my way appear,
 Steps unto heaven ;
 All that thou sendest me
 In mercy given,
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
4. Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise ;
 Out of my stony griefs
 Beth-el I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !

235

J. Keble, 1792-1866.

NEW every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove ;
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.
- 3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.
6. Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

236

Christina Georgina Rossetti, 1830-94.

NONE other Lamb, none other Name,
None other Hope in heaven or earth or sea,
None other Hiding-place from guilt and shame,
None beside thee.

- 2 My faith burns low, my hope burns low,
Only my heart's desire cries out in me
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to thee.
3. Lord, thou art Life though I be dead,
Love's Fire thou art however cold I be :
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but thee.

237

*St. Thomas Aquinas, 1227-1247.
Tr. J. M. Neale and E. Caswall.*

NOW, my tongue, the mystery telling,
Of the glorious Body sing,
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the Gentiles' Lord and King,
In a Virgin's womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming.

2 Given for us, and condescending
To be born for us below,
He with men in converse blending,
Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,
Till he closed with wondrous ending
His most patient life of woe.

3 That last night, at supper lying,
'Mid the Twelve, his chosen band,
Jesus, with the law complying,
Keeps the feast its rites demand ;
Then, more precious Food supplying,
Gives himself with his own hand.

4 Word-made-Flesh true Bread he maketh
By his word his Flesh to be ;
Wine his Blood ; which whoso taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free ;
Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
Shows true hearts the mystery.

Part 2.

5 Therefore we, before him bending,
This great Sacrament revere ;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here ,
Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes our inward vision clear.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

6. Glory let us give, and blessing
To the Father, and the Son,
Honour, might, and praise addressing,
While eternal ages run ;
Ever too his love confessing,
Who from Both with Both is One.

238 *M. Rinkart, 1586-1649. Tr. C. Winkworth.*

- N**OW thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.
- 2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.
3. All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore ;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

239

S. Baring-Gould.

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
Soon will be asleep.
- 3 Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
- 4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.
- 5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.
- 6 Through the long night watches
May thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
7. When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

240

J. Ellerton, 1826-93.

- N**OW the labourer's task is o'er ;
Now the battle-day is past ;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.
- 2 There the tears of earth are dried ;
There its hidden things are clear ;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

- 3 There the sinful souls, that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At his feet in Paradise.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.
4. There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace ;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well ;
He who died for their release.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

241

F. L. Hosmer.

- ' O BEAUTIFUL, my Country ! '
Be thine a nobler care,
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair ;
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor ;
Be thou to the oppress'd
Fair freedom's open door.
- 2 For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed !
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine ;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.
3. ' O beautiful, my Country ! '
Round thee in love we draw ;
Thine be the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Be righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem ;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace thy crowning gem

242

J. Montgomery, 1771-1854.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim,
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind,
Forget not all his benefits :
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide ;
He will with patience wait ;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath,
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And like the eagle's, he renews
The vigour of thy youth.

6 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole,
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days ;
O bless the Lord, my soul.

243

J. G. Whittier, 1807-92.

O BROTHER man, fold to thy heart thy
brother !

Where pity dwells the peace of God is there ;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of him whose holy work was doing good ;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.
3. Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangour
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease ;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

244

18th cent. Tr. F. Oakeley, W. T. Brooke,
and others.

- O** COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem ;
Come and behold him
Born the King of Angels :
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him,
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord !
- 2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo ! he abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
Very God,
Begotten, not created :
- *3 See how the Shepherds,
Summoned to his cradle,
Leaving their flocks, draw nigh with lowly fear ;
We too will thither
Bend our joyful footsteps :
- *4 Lo ! star-led chieftains,
Magi, Christ adoring,
Offer him incense, gold, and myrrh ;
We to the Christ Child
Bring our hearts' oblations :

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- *5 Child, for us sinners
Poor and in the manger,
Fain we embrace thee, with awe and love ;
Who would not love thee,
Loving us so dearly ?
- 6 Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above ;
Glory to God
In the Highest :
7. Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning,
Jesu, to thee be glory given ;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing :

245

F. W. Faber, 1814-63.

- O** COME and mourn with me awhile ;
O, come ye to the Saviour's side ;
O, come, together let us mourn :—
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !
- 2 Have we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah, look how patiently he hangs !
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !
- 3 Seven times he spake—seven words of love ;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men :—
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !
- 4 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
A broken heart love's cradle is :
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified !
5. O, Love of God ! O, sin of man !
In this dread act your strength is tried ;
And victory remains with love,
For he, our Love, is crucified !

246

Tate and Brady (1696).

- O** COME, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our almighty King !
 For we our voices high should raise
 When our salvation's Rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,
 To thank him for his favours past ;
 To him address in joyful songs
 The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord enthroned in state
 Is with unrivalled glory great ;
 The depths of earth are in his hand,
 Her secret wealth at his command.
4. O let us to his courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there ;
 Down on our knees devoutly all
 Before the Lord our Maker fall.

247

18th cent. Tr. J. M. Neale.

- O** COME, O come, Emmanuel,
 And ransom captive Israel,
 That mourns in lonely exile here,
 Until the Son of God appear.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 2 O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
 Thine own from Satan's tyranny ;
 From depths of hell thy people save,
 And give them victory o'er the grave.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.
- 3 O come, thou Day-spring, come and cheer
 Our spirits by thine Advent here ;
 Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
 And death's dark shadows put to flight.
 Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
 Shall come to thee, O Israel.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 O come, thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home ;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5. O come, O come, thou Lord of might,
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

248

F. W. Faber, 1814-63.

O COME to the merciful Saviour, who calls you,
O come to the Lord, who forgives and forgets ;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls
you,

There's a bright home above, where the sun
never sets.

- 2 O come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
To fold his dear children in closest embrace ;
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you his beautiful face.

- 3 Then come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows
brighter

The longer you look at the depths of his love ;
And fear not ! 'tis Jesus ! and life's cares grow
lighter

As you think of the home and the glory above.

- 4 Have you sinned as none else in the world have
before you,

Are you blacker than all other creatures in
guilt ?

Oh, fear not, and doubt not ! the mother who bore
you

Loves you less than the Saviour whose Blood
you have spilt.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 5 O come then to Jesus, and say how you love him,
And swear at his feet you will keep in his grace,
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can move him,
And your sins will drop off in his tender embrace.
6. Then come to his feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame ;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of his glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to his name.

249

T. A. Lacey.

(O FAITH of England, taught of old
By faithful shepherds of the fold,
The hallowing of our nation ;
Thou wast through many a wealthy year,
Through many a darkened day of fear,
The rock of our salvation.
Arise, arise, good Christian men,
Your glorious standard raise again,
The Cross of Christ who calls you ;
Who bids you live and bids you die
For his great cause, and stands on high
To witness what befalls you.

- 2 Our fathers heard the trumpet call
Through lowly cot and kingly hall
From oversea resounding ;
They bowed their stubborn wills to learn
The truths that live, the thoughts that burn,
With new resolve abounding.
Arise, arise, good Christian men,
Your glorious standard raise again,
The Cross of Christ who guides you ;
Whose arm is bared to join the fray,
Who marshals you in stern array,
Fearless, whate'er betides you.
- 3 Our fathers held the faith received,
By Saints declared, by Saints believed,
By Saints in death defended ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Through pain of doubt and bitterness,
Through pain of treason and distress,
They for the right contended.
Arise, arise, good Christian men,
Your glorious standard raise again,
The Cross of Christ who bought you ;
Who leads you forth in this new age
With long-enduring hearts to wage
The warfare he has taught you.

4. Though frequent be the loud alarms,
Though still we march by ambushed arms
Of death and hell surrounded,
With Christ for Chief we fear no foe,
Nor force nor craft can overthrow
The Church that he has founded.
Arise, arise, good Christian men,
Your glorious standard raise again,
The Cross wherewith he signed you ;
The King himself shall lead you on,
Shall watch you till the strife be done,
Then near his throne shall find you.

250

W. Cowper, 1731-1800.

() FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest :
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
6. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

251

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

- O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that 's sprinkled with the Blood
So freely spilt for me :
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone :
 - 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within :
 - 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
 5. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new best name of love.

252

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

- O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise,
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 Jesus—the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease ;
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
 He sets the prisoner free ;
 His Blood can make the foulest clean ;
 His Blood availed for me.
- 4 He speaks ;—and, listening to his voice,
 New life the dead receive,
 The mournful broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.
- 5 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosened tongues employ ;
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
 And leap, ye lame, for joy !
6. My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim
 And spread through all the earth abroad
 The honours of thy name.

253

3rd cent. or earlier.

Tr. Yattendon Hymnal, No. 88.

O GLADSOME light, O grace
 Of God the Father's face,
 The eternal splendour wearing ;
 Celestial, holy, blest,
 Our Saviour Jesus Christ,
 Joyful in thine appearing.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Now, ere day fadeth quite,
We see the evening light,
Our wonted hymn outpouring ;
Father of might unknown,
Thee, his incarnate Son,
And Holy Spirit adoring.
3. To thee of right belongs
All praise of holy songs,
O Son of God, Lifegiver ;
Thee, therefore, O Most High,
The world doth glorify,
And shall exalt for ever.

254

*P. Doddridge, 1702-51,
and J. Logan, 1748-88.*

O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led :

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
4. O spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

255

G. K. Chesterton.

O GOD of earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earthly rulers falter,
Our people drift and die ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

- 2 From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen,
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
Of honour and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord !

3. Tie in a living tether
The prince and priest and thrall,
Bind all our lives together,
Smite us and save us all ;
In ire and exultation
Aflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to thee.

256

Tate and Brady (1696).

() GOD of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthroned in glory, showest
The brightness of thy face !

- 2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode ;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.
- 3 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 For in thy courts one single day
 'Tis better to attend,
 Than, Lord, in any place besides
 A thousand days to spend.
- 5 For God, who is our sun and shield,
 Will grace and glory give ;
 And no good thing will he withhold
 From them that justly live.
6. Thou God, whom heavenly Hosts obey,
 How highly blest is he,
 Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
 Is still reposed on thee !

257

T. Hughes, 1823-96.

O GOD of truth, whose living word
 Upholds whate'er hath breath,
Look down on thy creation, Lord,
 Enslaved by sin and death.

- 2 Set up thy standard, Lord, that we
 Who claim a heavenly birth
 May march with thee to smite the lies
 That vex thy ransomed earth.
- 3 Ah ! would we join that blest array,
 And follow in the might
 Of him, the Faithful and the True,
 In raiment clean and white !
- 4 We fight for truth ! we fight for God !
 Poor slaves of lies and sin ;
 He who would fight for thee on earth
 Must first be true within.
- 5 Then, God of truth, for whom we long—
 Thou who wilt hear our prayer—
 Do thine own battle in our hearts,
 And slay the falsehood there.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

6. Yea, come ! then, tried as in the fire,
From every lie set free,
Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
And we shall live in thee.

258

I. Watts, 1674-1748.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home ;

- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

- *5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by thy flood
And lost in following years.

- *6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

259

Edward Osler, 1798-1863.

O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel ;
And, thus inspired with holy fear,
Before thine altar kneel.

- 2 Here may thy faithful people know
The blessings of thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.
- 3 We come, obedient to thy word,
To feast on heavenly Food :
Our meat the Body of the Lord,
Our drink his precious Blood.
4. Thus may we all thy word obey,
For we, O God, are thine ;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

260

Bishop R. Heber, 1783-1826.

O HAND of bounty, largely spread,
By whom our every want is fed,
Whate'er we touch, or taste, or see,
We owe them all, O Lord, to thee ;
The corn, the oil, the purple wine,
Are all thy gifts, and only thine !

- 2 The stream thy word to nectar dyed,
The bread thy blessing multiplied,
The stormy wind, the whelming flood,
That silent at thy mandate stood,
How well they knew thy voice divine,
Whose works they were, and only thine !
3. Though now no more on earth we trace
Thy footsteps of celestial grace,

Obedient to thy word and will
We seek thy daily mercy still ;
Its blessed beams around us shine,
And thine we are, and only thine !

261

J. E. Bode, 1816-74.

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve thee to the end ;
Be thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend ;
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel thee near me :
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle.
The tempting sounds I hear ;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within ;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will :
O speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control ;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be ;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end ;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

5. O let me see thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own ;
My hope to follow duly
Is in thy strength alone ;
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

262

William Ewart Gladstone, 1809-98.

- O** LEAD my blindness by the hand;
Lead me to thy familiar Feast,
Not here or now to understand,
Yet even here and now to taste,
How the eternal Word of heaven
On earth in broken bread is given.
- 2 We, who this holy precinct round
In one adoring circle kneel,
May we in one intent be bound,
And one serene devotion feel ;
And grow around thy sacred shrine
Like tendrils of the deathless Vine.
3. We, who with one blest Food are fed,
Into one body may we grow,
And one pure life from thee, the Head,
Informing all the members flow ;
One pulse be felt in every vein,
One law of pleasure and of pain.

263

F. L. Hosmer.

- O** LIGHT, from age to age the same,
O ever-living Word,
Here have we felt thy kindling flame,
Thy voice within have heard.
- 2 Here holy thought and hymn and prayer
Have winged the spirit's powers,
And made these walls divinely fair,—
Thy temple, Lord, and ours.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK

- 3 What visions rise above the years,
What tender memories throng,
Till the eye fills with happy tears,
The heart with grateful song.
- 4 Vanish the mists of time and sense ;
They come, the loved of yore,
And one encircling Providence
Holds all for evermore.
- 5 Oh, not in vain their toil who wrought
To build faith's freer shrine,
Nor theirs whose love and hope and thought
Have watched the fire divine.
6. Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide :
While systems rise and fall,
Faith, hope, and charity abide,
The heart and soul of all.

264

Bishop Phillips Brooks, 1835-93.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie !
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by.
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light ;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

- 2 O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth ;
For Christ is born of Mary ;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the Angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given !
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming ;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.
- 4 Where children pure and happy
Pray to the blessed Child,
Where misery cries out to thee,
Son of the mother mild ;
Where charity stands watching
And faith holds wide the door,
The dark night wakes, the glory breaks,
And Christmas comes once more.
5. O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray ;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas Angels
The great glad tidings tell :
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

265

J. G. Whittier, 1807-92.

- O** LORD, and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.
- *2 Thou judgest us ; thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn ;
The love that draws us nearer thee
Is hot with wrath to them ;
- 3 Our thoughts lie open to thy sight ;
And naked to thy glance
Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Yet weak and blinded though we be
Thou dost our service own ;
We bring our varying gifts to thee,
And thou rejectest none.
- 5 To thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains belong ;
The wrong of man to man on thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.
6. Apart from thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done ;
The solemn shadow of thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

266

J. Marckant (16th cent.).

O LORD, turn not away thy face
From him that lies prostrate,
Lamenting sore his sinful life
Before thy mercy-gate ;

- 2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin ;
Oh ! shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.
- 3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely thou canst tell :
What we have done and what we are,
Thou knowest very well.
- 4 Wherefore to beg and to entreat
With tears we come to thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.
- 5 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have ?

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

6. Mercy ! O Lord, mercy we seek,
This is the total sum !
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer,
Oh let thy mercy come !

267

G. Matheson, 1842-1906.

- O** LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee :
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.
- 2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee :
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.
- 3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee :
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.
4. O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee :
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

268

J. Scheffler, 1624-77. Tr. C. Winkworth.

- O** LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.
- 2 O Love, who ere life's earliest morn
On me thy choice hast gently laid ;
O Love, who here as man wast born,
And wholly like to us wast made ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

- 3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe ;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.
- 4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,
Who for my soul dost ever plead ;
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,
Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.
5. O Love, whose voice shall bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, whose hand o'er yonder skies
Shall set me in the fadeless bowers ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

269

Bishop R. Heber, 1783-1826.

O MOST merciful !
O most bountiful !
God the Father Almighty !
By the Redeemer's
Sweet intercession
Hear us, help us when we cry.

270

Dorothy Frances Gurney.

O PERFECT Love, all human thought trans-
cending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no
ending
Whom thou for evermore dost join in one.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 O perfect Life, be thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.
3. Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife ;
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

*P. Gerhardt, 1607-76, based on
a hymn ascribed to St. Bernard.
Yattendon Hymnal, No. 62.*

271

- O** SACRED head, sore wounded,
Defiled and put to scorn ;
O kingly head, surrounded
With mocking crown of thorn :
What sorrow mars thy grandeur ?
Can death thy bloom deflower ?
O countenance whose splendour
The hosts of heaven adore.
- 2 Thy beauty, long-desired,
Hath vanished from our sight ;
Thy power is all expired,
And quenched the light of light.
Ah me ! for whom thou diest,
Hide not so far thy grace :
Show me, O Love most highest,
The brightness of thy face.
- 3 In thy most bitter passion
My heart to share doth cry,
With thee for my salvation
Upon the Cross to die.
Ah, keep my heart thus movèd
To stand thy Cross beneath,
To mourn thee, well-belovèd,
Yet thank thee for thy death.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

4. My days are few, O fail not,
With thine immortal power,
To hold me that I quail not
In death's most fearful hour :
That I may fight befriended,
And see in my last strife
To me thine arms extended
Upon the Cross of life.

272

*St. Thomas Aquinas, 1227-74.
Tr. J. M. Neale, and others.*

O SAVING Victim ! opening wide
The gate of heaven to man below,
Our foes press hard on every side,—
Thine aid supply, thy strength bestow.

2. All praise and thanks to thee ascend
For evermore, blest One in Three ;
O grant us life that shall not end
In our true native land with thee.

273

Bishop R. Heber, 1783-1826.

O SAVIOUR ! is thy promise fled ?
Nor longer might thy grace endure
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach thy Gospel to the poor ?

- 2 Come, Jesu, come ! return again ;
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness !
- 3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer ! rest on thee.
- 5 Come, Jesu, come ! and as of yore
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day ;—
6. So now may grace, with heavenly shower,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come, and reap thy harvest there.

274

Frank Fletcher.

- O** SON of Man, our hero strong and tender,
Whose servants are the brave in all the earth,
Our living sacrifice to thee we render,
Who sharest all our sorrow, all our mirth.
- 2 O feet so strong to climb the path of duty,
O lips divine that taught the words of truth,
Kind eyes that marked the lilies in their beauty,
And heart that kindled at the zeal of youth ;
 - 3 Lover of children, boyhood's inspiration,
Of all mankind the Servant and the King,
O Lord of joy and hope and consolation,
To thee our fears and joys and hopes we bring.
 4. Not in our failures only and our sadness,
We seek thy presence, Comforter and Friend ;
O rich man's guest, be with us in our gladness !
O poor man's mate, our lowliest tasks attend !

275

J. Montgomery, 1771-1854.

- O** SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations far and nigh,
The triumphs of the Cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.
5. God from eternity hath willed
All flesh shall his salvation see ;
So be the Father's love fulfilled,
The Saviour's sufferings crowned through
thee.

276

Ascribed to St. Ambrose, 340-97.

Tr. J. Ellerton, F. J. A. Hort.

- O** STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
Who ever dost thyself unmoved abide,
Yet day by day the light in due gradation
From hour to hour through all its changes guide ;
- 2 Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
With dawning glories of the eternal day.
 3. Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

277

T. Haweis, 1732-1820, and others.

- O** THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 When on my poor distressed heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart :
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day :
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 4 If, for thy sake, upon my name
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach and welcome shame :
Dear Lord, remember me.
- 5 If worn with pain, disease, or grief
This feeble spirit be ;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief :
Dear Lord, remember me.
6. And, oh, when in the hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath :
Dear Lord, remember me.

278

F. L. Hosmer.

- O** THOU in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here :
- 2 What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or searching find thee out,
Who art within, a quickening flame,
A presence round about ?
 - 3 Yet though I know thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more ;
Enough for me to know thou art.
To love thee, and adore.

4. And dearer than all things I know
 Is childlike faith to me,
 That makes the darkest way I go
 An open path to thee.

279

F. T. Palgrave, 1824-97.

O THOU not made with hands,
 Not throned above the skies,
 Nor walled with shining walls,
 Nor framed with stones of price,
 More bright than gold or gem,
 God's own Jerusalem !

- 2 Where'er the gentle heart
 Finds courage from above ;
 Where'er the heart forsook
 Warms with the breath of love ;
 Where faith bids fear depart,
 City of God, thou art.
- 3 Thou art where'er the proud
 In humbleness melts down ;
 Where self itself yields up ;
 Where Martyrs win their crown
 Where faithful souls possess
 Themselves in perfect peace ;
- 4 Where in life's common ways
 With cheerful feet we go ;
 Where in his steps we tread,
 Who trod the way of woe ;
 Where he is in the heart,
 City of God, thou art.
5. Not throned above the skies,
 Nor golden-walled afar,
 But where Christ's two or three
 In his name gathered are.
 Be in the midst of them,
 God's own Jerusalem.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

280

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

O THOU who camest from above,
The pure celestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer, and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee ;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4. Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make my sacrifice complete.

281

John S. Arkwright.

O VALIANT hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle-
flame ;

Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the land you loved.

2 Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar ;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save Mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.

3 Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,
Into the light that nevermore shall fade ;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.

4 Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same way.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 5 Still stands his Cross from that dread hour to this
Like some bright star above the dark abyss ;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.
- 6 These were his servants, in his steps they trod
Following through death the martyr'd Son of God ;
Victor he rose ; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk his cup of sacrifice.
7. O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our dead,
Whose Cross has bought them and whose Staff
has led—
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing land
Commits her children to thy gracious hand.

282

P. Abelard (1079-1142).

Tr. J. M. Neale.

- O** WHAT the joy and the glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see !
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest ;
God shall be all and in all ever blest !
- 2 What are the Monarch, his court, and his throne ?
What are the peace and the joy that they own ?
Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,
All that they feel could as fully declare !
 - 3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore !
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.
 - 4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,
We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing,
While for thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people eternally raise.
 - 5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore ;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the Angels and us shall belong.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 6¹ Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh ;
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.
7. Low before him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are
all ;
Of whom, the Father ; and in whom, the Son ;
Through whom, the Spirit, with them ever One.

283

Sir R. Grant, 1785-1838.

O WORSHIP the King
All glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and his love :
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

- 2 O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

- 3 The earth, with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power
Hath founded of old ;
Hath stablished it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

*4 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender !
How firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

6. O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love,
While Angels delight
To hymn thee above,
Thy humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to thy praise.

284

J. S. B. Monsell, 1811-75.

O WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness !
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim ;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore him, the Lord is his name !

2 Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on his heart he will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerful-
ness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine :
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.
- 4 These, though we bring them in trembling and
fearfulness,
He will accept for the name that is dear ;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling and hope for our fear.
5. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness !
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim ;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore him, the Lord is his name !

285

Prudentius, b. 348. Tr. R. F. Davis.

- O**F the Father's heart begotten,
Ere the world from chaos rose,
He is Alpha : from that Fountain
All that is and hath been flows ;
He is Omega, of all things
Yet to come the mystic Close,
Evermore and evermore.
- 2 By his word was all created ;
He commanded and 'twas done ;
Earth and sky and boundless ocean,
Universe of three in one,
All that sees the moon's soft radiance,
All that breathes beneath the sun,
 - 3 He assumed this mortal body,
Frail and feeble, doomed to die,
That the race from dust created
Might not perish utterly,
Which the dreadful Law had sentenced
In the depths of hell to lie,
 - 4 O how blest that wondrous birthday,
When the Maid the curse retrieved,
Brought to birth mankind's salvation,
By the Holy Ghost conceived ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,
In her loving arms received,

- 5 Hail ! thou Judge of souls departed ;
Hail ! of all the living King !
On the Father's right hand thronèd,
Through his courts thy praises ring,
Till at last for all offences
Righteous judgement thou shalt bring,
6. Let the storm and summer sunshine,
Gliding stream and sounding shore,
Sea and forest, frost and zephyr,
Day and night their Lord adore ;
Let creation join to laud thee
Through the ages evermore,

286

H. K. White, 1785-1806.

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

- 2 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.
- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad ;
March in heavenly armour clad ;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.
- 4 Onward then in battle move ;
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go !
5. Hymns of glory and of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise :
Holy Jesus, praise to thee
With the Spirit ever be.

287

C. Coffin, 1676-1749. Tr. J. Chandler.

- O**N Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry
Announces that the Lord is nigh ;
Come then and hearken, for he brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.
- 2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a guest !
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For Christ to come and enter there.
- 3 For thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge and our great reward ;
Without thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.
- 4 Stretch forth thine hand, to heal our sore,
And make us rise to fall no more ;
Once more upon thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.
5. All praise, eternal Son, to thee
Whose advent sets thy people free,
Whom, with the Father, we adore,
And Holy Ghost, for evermore.

288

S. Baring-Gould.

- O**N the Resurrection morning
Soul and body meet again ;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain !
- 2 But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayer and strong,
Bursting at the Resurrection
Into song.
- 3 Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness
Satisfied.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Oh, the beauty, oh, the gladness
Of that Resurrection day,
Which shall not through endless ages
Pass away !
- 5 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore ;
Father, sister, child, and mother
Meet once more.
6. To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last,
By thy Cross, through death and judgement,
Holding fast.

289

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823-95.

- O**NCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her Baby
In a manger for his bed ;
Mary was that Mother mild,
Jesus Christ her little Child.
- 2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall ;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.
 - 3 And through all his wondrous childhood
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly Maiden,
In whose gentle arms he lay ;
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as he.
 - 4 For he is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us he grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us he knew ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

And he feeleth for our sadness,
And he shareth in our gladness.

- 5 And our eyes at last shall see him,
Through his own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above ;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.
6. Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him ; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high ;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

290

W. Bright, 1824-1901.

ONCE, only once, and once for all,
His precious life he gave ;
Before the Cross in faith we fall,
And own it strong to save.

- 2 ' One offering, single and complete,'
With lips and hearts we say ;
But what he never can repeat
He shows forth day by day.
- 3 For as the priest of Aaron's line
Within the holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood ;
- 4 So he, who once atonement wrought,
Our Priest of endless power,
Presents himself for those he bought
In that dark noontide hour.
- 5 His Manhood pleads where now it lives
On heaven's eternal throne,
And where in mystic rite he gives
Its presence to his own.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

6. And so we show thy death, O Lord,
Till thou again appear,
And feel, when we approach thy board,
We have an altar here.

291

J. Russell Lowell, 1819-91.

- ONCE to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side ;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offering each the bloom or blight—
And the choice goes by for ever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.
- 2 Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just ;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
And the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.
- 3 By the light of burning martyrs,
Christ, thy bleeding feet we track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever
With the Cross that turns not back.
New occasions teach new duties ;
Time makes ancient good uncouth ;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth.
4. Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis truth alone is strong ;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own.

292

c. 9th cent. Tr. M. J. Blacker.

ONLY-BEGOTTEN, Word of God eternal,
 Lord of Creation, merciful and mighty,
 List to thy servants, when their tuneful voices
 Rise to thy presence.

- 2 Thus in our solemn Feast of Dedication,
 Graced with returning rites of due devotion,
 Ever thy children, year by year rejoicing,
 Chant in thy temple.
- *3 This is thy palace ; here thy presence-chamber ;
 Here may thy servants, at the mystic banquet,
 Daily adoring, take thy Body broken,
 Drink of thy Chalice.
- *4 Here for thy children stands the holy laver,
 Fountain of pardon for the guilt of nature,
 Cleansed by whose water springs a race anointed,
 Liegemen of Jesus.
- 5 Here in our sickness, healing grace aboundeth,
 Light in our blindness, in our toil refreshment ;
 Sin is forgiven, hope o'er fear prevaleth,
 Joy over sorrow.
- 6 Hallowed this dwelling where the Lord abideth,
 This is none other than the gate of Heaven ;
 Strangers and pilgrims, seeking homes eternal,
 Pass through its portals.
- 7 Lord, we beseech thee, as we throng thy temple,
 By thy past blessings, by thy present bounty,
 Smile on thy children, and with tender mercy
 Hear our petitions.
8. God in Three Persons, Father everlasting,
 Son co-eternal, ever-blessèd Spirit,
 Thine be the glory, praise, and adoration,
 Now and for ever.

S. Baring-Gould.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ the royal Master
 Leads against the foe ;
 Forward into battle,
 See, his banners go !
*Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before.*

- 2 At the sign of triumph
 Satan's legions flee ;
 On then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory.
 Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise ;
 Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.
- 3 Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God ;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the Saints have trod ;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.
- 4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain ;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail ;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

5. Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song ;
Glory, laud, and honour
Unto Christ the King ;
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing.

294

Harriet Auber, 1773-1862.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

- 2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 3 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.
5. Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

295

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809-94.

OUR Father, while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong thy name,
Still let our hallowed altars burn
With faith's undying flame.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath
Our souls thy face shall see ;
The star of love must light the path
That leads to heaven and thee.
- 3 Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain,
That clouds his sacred image still,
And see him once again.
- 4 The brother Man, the pitying Friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose pleading words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.
- 5 If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy love will not withhold.
6. Our prayers accept ; our sins forgive ;
Our youthful zeal renew ;
Shape for us holier lives to live,
And nobler work to do.

296

J. G. Whittier, 1807-92.

- O**UR Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be ?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.
- 2 We bring no ghastly holocaust,
We pile no graven stone ;
He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own.
 - 3 Who hates, hates thee ; who loves, becomes
Therein to thee allied ;
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In thee are multiplied.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude ;
Thy sacramental liturgies
The joy of doing good.
- 5 In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around ;
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound :
6. The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise ;
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise.

297

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth, 1825-1906.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin ?
The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed ?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round ?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away ?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown ?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours ?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
7. It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

298

H. F. Lyte, 1793-1847.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To his feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing ;
Praise him ! Praise him !
Praise the everlasting King.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Praise him for his grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless ;
Praise him ! Praise him !
Glorious in his faithfulness.
- 3 Father-like, he tends and spares us ;
Well our feeble frame he knows ;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes ;
Praise him ! Praise him !
Widely yet his mercy flows.
4. Angels in the height, adore him ;
Ye behold him face to face ;
Saints triumphant, bow before him,
Gathered in from every race ;
Praise him ! Praise him !
Praise with us the God of grace.

299

Sir H. W. Baker, 1821-77.

PRAISE, O praise our God and King ;
Hymns of adoration sing ;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 Praise him that he made the sun
Day by day his course to run ;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light ;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 Praise him that he gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain ;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield ;
For his mercies still endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Praise him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor :
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 7 And for richer Food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss ;
For his mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
8. Glory to our bounteous King ;
Glory let creation sing ;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One.

300

Foundling Hospital Collection, 1796.

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him ;
Praise him, Angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord ! for he hath spoken ;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws which never shall be broken
For their guidance hath he made.

2. Praise the Lord ! for he is glorious ;
Never shall his promise fail :
God hath made his Saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation ;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth and all creation
Laud and magnify his name !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

301

J. H. Newman, 1801-90.

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

- 2 O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.
- 3 O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;
- 4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very Self,
And Essence all-divine.
- 5 O generous love ! that he who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo ;
- 6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.
7. Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

302

Scottish Psalter (1650).

PRAY that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity :
Let them that love thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.
3. Now, for my friends' and brethren's sake,
Peace be in thee, I'll say ;
And for the house of God our Lord
I'll seek thy good alway.

303

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 54.

REJOICE, O land, in God thy might,
His will obey, him serve aright ;
For thee the Saints uplift their voice :
Fear not, O land, in God rejoice.

- 2 Glad shalt thou be, with blessing crowned,
With joy and peace thou shalt abound ;
Yea, love with thee shall make his home
Until thou see God's kingdom come.
3. He shall forgive thy sins untold :
Remember thou his love of old ;
Walk in his way, his word adore,
And keep his truth for evermore.

304

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
*Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.*

- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above :

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 His kingdom cannot fail ;
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given :
4. He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet :

305

H. H. Milman, 1791-1868.

RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes hosanna cry ;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

- 2 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Awaits his own anointed Son.
5. Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

306

A. M. Toplady, 1740-78.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee ;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy Cross I cling ;
Naked, come to thee for dress ;
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes are closed in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgement throne ;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

307

J. Ellerton, 1826-93.

SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease ;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

- 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way
With thee began, with thee shall end the day ;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.
- 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming
night ;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

4. Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

308

Bishop C. Wordsworth, 1807-85.

SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph,
See the King in royal state
Riding on the clouds his chariot
To his heavenly palace gate ;
Hark ! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful Alleluias sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

- 2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee ?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory ;
He who on the Cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.
- 3 Thou hast raised our human nature
In the clouds to God's right hand ;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with thee in glory stand ;
Jesus reigns, adored by Angels ;
Man with God is on the throne ;
Mighty Lord, in thine Ascension
We by faith behold our own.

- *4 Holy Ghost, Illuminator,
Shed thy beams upon our eyes,
Help us to look up with Stephen,
And to see beyond the skies,

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Where the Son of Man in glory
Standing is at God's right hand,
Beckoning on his Martyr army,
Succouring his faithful band ;

*5 See him, who is gone before us,
Heavenly mansions to prepare,
See him, who is ever pleading
For us with prevailing prayer,
See him, who with sound of trumpet
And with his angelic train,
Summoning the world to judgement,
On the clouds will come again.

6. Glory be to God the Father ;
Glory be to God the Son,
Dying, risen, ascending for us,
Who the heavenly realm has won ;
Glory to the Holy Spirit ;
To One God in persons Three ;
Glory both in earth and heaven,
Glory, endless glory, be.

309

J. Ellerton, 1826-93.

SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,
O citizens of heaven : in sweet notes raise
An endless Alleluia !

2 Ye Powers who stand before the eternal Light
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia !

3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia !

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this—
An endless Alleluia !
- 6 There, in one grand acclaim for ever ring
The strains which tell the honour of your King—
An endless Alleluia !
- 7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back :
This is the food and drink which none shall lack :
An endless Alleluia !
- 8 While thee, by whom were all things made, we
praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia !
9. Almighty Christ, to thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore : to thee we bring
An endless Alleluia !

310

Bishop Venantius Fortunatus, 530-609.
Tr. P. Dearmer.

- SING, my tongue, the glorious battle,
Sing the ending of the fray ;
Now above the Cross, the trophy,
Sound the loud triumphant lay :
Tell how Christ, the world's Redeemer,
As a Victim won the day.
- 2 God in pity saw man fallen,
Shamed and sunk in misery,
When he fell on death by tasting
Fruit of the forbidden tree ;
Then another tree was chosen
Which the world from death should free.
 - 3 Thus the scheme of our salvation
Was of old in order laid,
That the manifold deceiver's
Art by art might be outweighed,
And the lure the foe put forward
Into means of healing made.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Therefore when the appointed fullness
Of the holy time was come,
He was sent who maketh all things
Forth from God's eternal home ;
Thus he came to earth, incarnate,
Offspring of a maiden's womb.
5. To the Trinity be glory
Everlasting, as is meet ;
Equal to the Father, equal
To the Son and Paraclete :
Trinal Unity, whose praises
All created things repeat.

311

I. Watts, 1674-1748.

- S**ING to the Lord with joyful voice,
Let every land his name adore ;
Let all the nations send the noise
From sea to sea, from shore to shore.
- 2 Nations attend before his throne,
With solemn fear, with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
 - 3 His sovran power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
 - 4 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
 - 5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

6. Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

312

F. W. Faber, 1814-63.

- S**OLDIER of God ! Oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike ;
- 2 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell,
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.
- 3 Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
- 4 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to live with God ;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.
- 5 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.
6. Muse on God's justice, downcast soul ;
Muse, and take better heart ;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part !

313

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

- S**OLDIERS of Christ ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son :

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror !
- 3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day :
- 5 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And victor stand at last.

314

Bishop W. W. How, 1823-97.

- S**OLDIERS of the Cross, arise !
Gird you with your armour bright ;
Mighty are your enemies,
Hard the battle ye must fight.
- 2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky :
Let it float there wide unfurled ;
Bear it onward ; lift it high.
 - 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.
 - 4 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray ;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

6 Guard the helpless ; seek the strayed ;
Comfort troubles ; banish grief ;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7. Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword.
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

315

J. G. Whittier, 1807-92.

SOMETIMES there gleams upon our sight
Through present wrong, the eternal right,
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man !

2 For all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

3 We lack but open eye and ear,
To find the orient's marvels here :
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon changing wood the burning bush.

4 For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold ;
Slaves rise up men ; the olive waves
With roots deep set in battle graves.

5 Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

6. Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore :
God's love and blessing, then, and there,
And now, and here, and everywhere.

316

S. C. Lowry.

SON of God, eternal Saviour,
Source of life and truth and grace,
Son of Man, whose birth incarnate
Hallows all our human race,
Thou, our Head, who, throned in glory,
For thine own dost ever plead,
Fill us with thy love and pity,
Heal our wrongs, and help our need.

- 2 As thou, Lord, hast lived for others,
So may we for others live ;
Freely have thy gifts been granted,
Freely may thy servants give.
Thine the gold and thine the silver,
Thine the wealth of land and sea,
We but stewards of thy bounty,
Held in solemn trust for thee.
- 3 Come, O Christ, and reign among us,
King of love, and Prince of peace,
Hush the storm of strife and passion,
Bid its cruel discords cease ;
By thy patient years of toiling,
By thy silent hours of pain,
Quench our fevered thirst of pleasure,
Shame our selfish greed of gain.
- 4 Ah, the past is dark behind us,
Strewn with wrecks and stained with blood ;
But before us gleams the vision
Of the coming brotherhood.
See the Christlike host advancing,
High and lowly, great and small,
Linked in bonds of common service
For the common Lord of all.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

5. Son of God, eternal Saviour,
Source of life and truth and grace,
Son of Man, whose birth incarnate
Hallows all our human race.
Thou who prayedst, thou who willest
That thy people should be one,
Grant, O grant our hope's fruition :
Here on earth thy will be done.

317

J. Montgomery, 1771-1854.

SONGS of praise the Angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluias rang,
When creation was begun,
When God spake and it was done.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And will man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- *6. Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto thee we raise ;
Jesu, glory unto thee,
Ever with the Spirit be.

318

Bishop C. Wordsworth, 1807-85.

- SONGS of thankfulness and praise,
 Jesu, Lord, to thee we raise,
 Manifested by the star
 To the sages from afar ;
 Branch of royal David's stem
 In thy birth at Bethlehem ;
 Anthems be to thee address,
 God in Man made manifest.
- 2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,
 Prophet, Priest, and King supreme ;
 And at Cana, wedding-guest,
 In thy Godhead manifest ;
 Manifest in power divine,
 Changing water into wine ;
 Anthems be to thee address,
 God in Man made manifest.
- 3 Manifest in making whole
 Palsied limbs and fainting soul ;
 Manifest in valiant fight,
 Quelling all the devil's might ;
 Manifest in gracious will,
 Ever bringing good from ill ;
 Anthems be to thee address,
 God in Man made manifest.
- *4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,
 Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee ;
 Christ will then like lightning shine,
 All will see his glorious sign ;
 All will then the trumpet hear,
 All will see the Judge appear ;
 Thou by all wilt be confest,
 God in Man made manifest.
5. Grant us grace to see thee, Lord,
 Mirrored in thy holy word ;
 May we imitate thee now,
 And be pure, as pure art thou ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

That we like to thee may be
At thy great Epiphany,
And may praise thee, ever blest,
God in Man made manifest.

319

F. W. Faber, 1814-63.

SOULS of men ! why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep ?
Foolish hearts ! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep ?

- 2 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
- 3 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgement given.
- 4 There is plentiful redemption
In the Blood that has been shed ;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
- 5 For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
6. If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

320

Foundling Hospital Collection (1774).

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
Shed thy blest influence from above,
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's eternal praises sung ;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.
3. Unfailing Comfort ! heavenly Guide,
Still o'er thy holy Church preside ;
Still let mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

321

G. Duffield, 1818-88.

- STAND up !—stand up for Jesus !
Ye soldiers of the Cross ;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up !—stand up for Jesus !
The solemn watchword hear ;
If while ye sleep he suffers,
Away with shame and fear ;
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of battles,
And put the foe to rout.
 - 3 Stand up !—stand up for Jesus !
The trumpet call obey ;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day.
Ye that are men now serve him
Against unnumbered foes ;
Let courage rise with danger
And strength to strength oppose.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Stand up !— stand up for Jesus !
Stand in his strength alone ;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armour,
Each piece put on with prayer ;
When duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there !
5. Stand up !—stand up for Jesus !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

322

St. Joseph the Hymnographer, d. 883.
Tr. J. M. Neale, 1818-66.

STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,
Filled with celestial splendence and light ;
These that, where night never followeth day,
Raise the Trisagion ever and aye ;

- 2 These are thy counsellors : these dost thou own,
God of Sabaoth ! the nearest thy throne ;
These are thy ministers ; these dost thou send.
Help of the helpless ones ! man to defend.
- 3 Then, when the earth was first poised in mid-
space,—
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,—
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,—
Then all the sons of God shouted for joy.
- *4 These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers,
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers :
Where with the Living Ones, mystical Four,
Cherubim, Seraphim, bow and adore.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

5. Still let them succour us ; still let them fight,
Lord of angelic hosts, battling for right !
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour
We with the Angels may bow and adore !

323

Alfred Lord Tennyson, 1809-92.

- S**TRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove :
- 2 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust ;
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die :
And thou hast made him, thou art just.
- 3 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood thou :
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.
4. Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be :
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

324

J. Keble, 1792-1866.

- S**UN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near :
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
6. Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

325

Alfred Lord Tennyson, 1809-92.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

2. Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark ;
For, though from out our bourne of time and
place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

326

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels, how divine !
- 3 But oh, what triumph shall I raise
To thy dear name through endless days,
When in the realms of joy I see
Thy face in full felicity !
4. Soon shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desire or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

327

F. W. Faber, 1814-63.

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go ;
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
*Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.*

- 2 The day is done, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all ;
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
- 4 Do more than pardon ; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like thee.
- 5 Labour is sweet, for thou hast toiled ;
And care is light, for thou hast cared :
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

6. For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful,—unto thee we call ;
O let thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Jesus and our All.

328

A. C. Swinburne, 1837-1909.

TAKE heed of this small child of earth ;
He is great : he hath in him God most high.
Children before their fleshly birth
Are lights alive in the blue sky.

- 2 In our light bitter world of wrong
They come ; God gives us them awhile.
His speech is in their stammering tongue,
And his forgiveness in their smile.
- 3 Their sweet light rests upon our eyes
Alas ! their right to joy is plain.
If they are hungry, Paradise
Weeps, and if cold, heaven thrills with pain.
- 4 The want that saps their sinless flower
Speaks judgement on sin's ministers.
Man holds an Angel in his power.
Ah ! deep in heaven what thunder stirs,
5. When God seeks out these tender things
Whom in the shadow where we sleep
He sends us clothed about with wings
And finds them ragged babes that weep.

329

C. W. Everest, 1814-77.

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be ;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.

- 2 Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel ;
Thy Lord for thee the Cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.
- 4 Take up thy cross then in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.
- 5 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.
- *6. To thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
All praise for evermore ascend ;
O grant us in our home to see
The heavenly life that knows no end.

330

G. Herbert, 1593-1632.

- T**EACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see ;
And what I do in anything
To do it as for thee !
- 2 A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye ;
Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heaven espy.
 - 3 All may of thee partake ;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture, ' for thy sake,'
Will not grow bright and clean.
 - 4 A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine ;
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

5. This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold ;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

331

H. Alford, 1810-71.

- TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed Saints
Throng up the steeps of light ;
'Tis finished ! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin ;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.
- 2 What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky !
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made !
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousandfold repaid !
- 3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more !
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late ;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.
4. Bring near thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power and reign :
Appear, Desire of nations ;
Thine exiles long for home ;
Show in the heaven thy promised sign ;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

332

L. B. C. L. Muirhead.

THE Church of God a kingdom is,
Where Christ in power doth reign,
Where spirits yearn till seen in bliss
Their Lord shall come again.

- 2 Glad companies of Saints possess
This Church below, above ;
And God's perpetual calm doth bless
Their paradise of love.
- 3 An altar stands within the shrine
Whereon, once sacrificed,
Is set, immaculate, divine,
The Lamb of God, the Christ.
- 4 There rich and poor, from countless lands,
Praise Christ on mystic Rood ;
There nations reach forth holy hands
To take God's holy Food.
- 5 There pure life-giving streams o'erflow
The sower's garden-ground ;
And faith and hope fair blossoms show,
And fruits of love abound.
6. O King, O Christ, this endless grace
To us and all men bring,
To see the vision of thy face
In joy, O Christ, our King.

333

S. J. Stone, 1839-1901.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord ;
She is his new creation
By water and the Word :
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy Bride,
With his own Blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth ;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, ' How long ? '
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.
- 4 'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore ;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.
5. Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won :
O happy ones and holy !
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

Ascribed to 6th cent.

Tr. J. M. Neale.

334

THE day is past and over ;
All thanks, O Lord, to thee ;
I pray thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be :

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.
- 2 The joys of day are over ;
I lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.
- 3 The toils of day are over ;
I raise the hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesu, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.
4. Be thou my soul's preserver,
For thou alone dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go :
O loving Jesu, hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

335

J. Ellerton, 1826-93.

- THE day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at thy behest ;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.
- 2 We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.
- 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
5. So be it, Lord ; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

336

From the Hebrew. T. Olivers, 1725-99.

THE God of Abraham praise
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love :
To him uplift your voice,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand.

- *2 Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds we urge our way
At his command.

The watery deep we pass,
With Jesus in our view ;
And through the howling wilderness
Our way pursue.

- 3 The goodly land we see,
With peace and plenty blest ;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest ;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

- 4 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains,
And glorious with his Saints in light
For ever reigns.

- 5 The God who reigns on high
The great Archangels sing,
And 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' cry,
'Almighty King!

Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be :
Eternal Father, great I AM,
We worship thee.'

- *6 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace
For ever new ;
He shows his prints of love,—
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the worlds above
The slaughtered Lamb.

7. The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high ;
'Hail ! Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,'
They ever cry :
Hail ! Abraham's God, and mine !
(I join the heavenly lays),
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

337

George Herbert, 1593-1632.

THE God of love my Shepherd is,
And he that doth me feed ;
While he is mine and I am his,
What can I want or need ?

- 2 He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest ;
Then to the streams that gently pass :
In both I have the best.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Or if I stray, he doth convert,
And bring my mind in frame,
And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy name.
- 4 Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear :
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staff to bear.
5. Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days ;
And as it never shall remove
So neither shall my praise.

338

T. Kelly, 1769-1854.

- T**HE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now :
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, is his by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light ;
 - 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.
 - 4 To them the Cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace is given :
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.
 - 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

6. The Cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him ;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

339

St. Thomas Aquinas. Tr. J. M. Neale.

THE heavenly Word proceeding forth,
Yet leaving not the Father's side,
Accomplishing his work on earth
Had reached at length life's eventide.

- 2 By false disciple to be given
To foemen for his life athirst,
Himself, the very Bread of heaven,
He gave to his disciples first.
- 3 He gave himself in either kind,
His precious Flesh, his precious Blood ;
In love's own fulness thus designed
Of the whole man to be the Food.
4. By birth their Fellow-man was he ;
Their Meat, when sitting at the Board ;
He died, their Ransomer to be ;
He ever reigns, their great Reward.

340

F. R. Tailour (1615).

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 74.

THE King, O God, his heart to thee upraiseth ;
With him the nation bows before thy face ;
With high thanksgiving thee thy glad Church
praiseth,
Our strength thy spirit, our trust and hope thy
grace.

- 2 Unto great honour, glory undeservèd,
Hast thou exalted us, and drawn thee nigh ;
Nor, from thy judgements when our feet had
swervèd,
Didst thou forsake, nor leave us, Lord most high.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 In thee our fathers trusted and were savèd,
In thee destroyèd thrones of tyrants proud ;
From ancient bondage freed the poor enslavèd :
To sow thy truth poured out their saintly blood.
- 4 Us now, we pray, O God, in anger scorn not,
Nor to vainglorying leave, nor brutish sense ;
In time of trouble thy face from us turn not,
Who art our Rock, our stately sure defence.
- 5 Unto our minds give freedom and uprightness ;
Let strength and courage lead o'er land and wave ;
To our souls' armour grant celestial brightness,
Joy to our hearts, and faith beyond the grave.
6. Our plenteous nation still in power extending,
Increase our joy, uphold us by thy Word ;
Beauty and wisdom all our ways attending,
Goodwill to man and peace through Christ our
Lord.

341

Sir H. W. Baker, 1821-77.

- T**HE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am his
And he is mine for ever.
- 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.
 - 3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
 - 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- *5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight ;
Thy unction grace bestoweth :
And oh, what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth !
6. And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

342

J. Conder, 1789-1855.

THE Lord is King ! Lift up thy voice,
O earth ; and all ye heavens, rejoice ;
Alleluia !
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord omnipotent is King ;
Alleluia !

- 2 The Lord is King ! Who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Alleluia !
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises ?
Alleluia !
- 3 The Lord is King ! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just ;
Alleluia !
Holy and true are all his ways :
Let every creature speak his praise ;
Alleluia !
- 4 He reigns ! Ye Saints, exalt your strains ;
Your God is King, your Father reigns ;
Alleluia !
And he is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified ;
Alleluia !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 5 Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne ;

Alleluia !

And angel-bands are waiting there
His messages of love to bear ;

Alleluia !

6. Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake ;

Alleluia !

Then may his children cease to sing,
' The Lord omnipotent is King ! '

Alleluia !

343

J. Addison, 1672-1719.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
4. Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

344

J. Milton, 1608-74.

THE Lord will come and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err ;
Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

- 2 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then ;
And justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down on mortal men.
- 3 Rise, God, judge thou the earth in might,
This wicked earth redress ;
For thou art he who shalt by right
The nations all possess.
- 4 The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, and all shall frame
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name.
5. For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done :
Thou in thy everlasting seat
Remainest God alone.

345

Laurence Housman.

THE Maker of the sun and moon,
The Maker of our earth,
Lo ! late in time, a fairer boon,
Himself is brought to birth !

- 2 How blest was all creation then,
When God so gave increase ;
And Christ, to heal the hearts of men,
Brought righteousness and peace !
- 3 No star in all the heights of heaven
But burned to see him go ;
Yet unto earth alone was given
His human form to know.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 His human form, by man denied,
Took death for human sin :
His endless love, through faith descried,
Still lives the world to win.
5. O perfect Love, outpassing sight,
O Light beyond our ken,
Come down through all the world to-night,
And heal the hearts of men !

346

J. Morison, 1749-98

- T**HE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.
 - 3 For unto us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.
 - 4 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored ;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
 5. His power increasing still shall spread ;
His reign no end shall know :
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

347

Bishop Venantius Fortunatus, 530-609.

Tr. J. M. Neale.

THE royal banners forward go ;
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow ;
Where he in flesh, our flesh who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid :

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Where deep for us the spear was dyed,
Life's torrent rushing from his side
To wash us in that precious flood,
Where mingled Water flowed, and Blood.
- 3 Fulfilled is all that David told
In true prophetic song of old ;
Amidst the nations, God, saith he,
Hath reigned and triumphed from the Tree.
- 4 O Tree of beauty, Tree of light !
O Tree with royal purple dight !
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest :
- 5 On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung :
The price of humankind to pay,
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.
- 6 O Cross, our one reliance, hail !
So may thy power with us avail
To give new virtue to the saint,
And pardon to the penitent.
7. To thee, eternal Three in One,
Let homage meet by all be done :
Whom by the Cross thou dost restore,
Preserve and govern evermore.

348

Abp. W. D. Maclagan, 1826-1910.

THE Saints of God ! their conflict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword,
They cast them down before their Lord :—
O happy Saints ! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 The Saints of God ! their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal :—
O happy Saints ! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest !
- 3 The Saints of God ! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head :—
O happy Saints ! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest !
- 4 The Saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies :—
O happy Saints ! rejoice and sing,
He quickly comes, your Lord and King !
5. O God of Saints ! to thee we cry ;
O Saviour ! plead for us on high ;
O Holy Ghost ! our Guide and Friend,
Grant us thy grace till life shall end ;
That with all Saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with thee !

349

Bishop R. Heber, 1783–1826.

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar !
Who follows in his train ?

- 2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave ;
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on him to save.
- 4 Like him, with pardon on his tongue
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong !
 Who follows in his train ?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew,
 And mocked the cross and flame.
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane,
 They bowed their necks the death to feel ;
 Who follows in their train ?
- 7 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice
 In robes of light arrayed.
8. They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
 Through peril, toil, and pain ;
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

350

W. St. Hill Bourne.

THE Sower went forth sowing,
 The seed in secret slept
Through days of faith and patience,
 Till out the green blade crept ;
And warmed by golden sunshine
 And fed by silver rain,
At last the fields were whitened
 To harvest once again.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

O praise the heavenly Sower,
Who gave the fruitful seed,
And watched and watered duly,
And ripened for our need.

- 2 Behold ! the heavenly Sower
Goes forth with better seed,
The word of sure salvation,
With feet and hands that bleed ;
Here in his Church 'tis scattered,
Our spirits are the soil ;
Then let an ample fruitage
Repay his pain and toil.
Oh, beautiful the harvest
Wherein all goodness thrives,
And this the true thanksgiving,
The first-fruits of our lives.

- 3 Within a hallowed acre
He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
The dead he died to gain ;
For though the growth be hidden,
We know that they shall rise ;
Yea, even now they ripen
In sunny Paradise.
O summer land of harvest,
O fields for ever white
With souls that wear Christ's raiment,
With crowns of golden light !

4. One day the heavenly Sower
Shall reap where he hath sown,
And come again rejoicing,
And with him bring his own ;
And then the fan of judgement
Shall winnow from his floor
The chaff into the furnace
That flameth evermore.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

O holy, awful Reaper,
Have mercy in the day
Thou puttest in thy sickle,
And cast us not away.

351

J. Addison, 1672-1719.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The works of an almighty hand.

2. Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth ;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
3. What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
' The hand that made us is Divine.'

352

Ascribed to 18th cent. Tr. F. Pott.

THE strife is o'er, the battle done ;
Now is the Victor's triumph won ;
O let the song of praise be sung.

Alleluia !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Death's mightiest powers have done their worst,
And Jesus hath his foes dispersed ;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia !
- 3 On the third morn he rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign ;
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia !
4. Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee
From death's dread sting thy servants free.
That we may live, and sing to thee.
Alleluia !

353

S. Longfellow, 1819-92.

- THE summer days are come again ;
Once more the glad earth yields
Her golden wealth of ripening grain,
And breath of clover fields ;
- 2 And deepening shade of summer woods,
And glow of summer air,
And winging thoughts, and happy moods
Of love and joy and prayer.
- 3 The summer days are come again ;
The birds are on the wing ;
God's praises, in their loving strain,
Unconsciously they sing.
4. We know who giveth all the good
That doth our cup o'erbrim ;
For summer joy in field and wood
We lift our song to him.

354

c. 18th cent. Tr. E. Caswall.

- THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 As Christ upon the Cross,
His head inclined,
Into his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,
- 3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live ;
- 4 So now beneath his eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,
- 5 Save that his will be done
Whate'er betide,
Dead to herself, and dead
In him to all beside.
- 6 Thus would I live ; yet now
Not I, but he
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me—
7. One sacred Trinity,
One Lord Divine,
May I be ever his,
And he for ever mine !

355

Anon.

THE wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their gold ;
And some may bring their greatness,
And glories new and old ;
We too would bring our treasures
To offer to the King ;
We have no wealth or wisdom,
What shall we children bring ?

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 We'll bring him hearts that love him,
We'll bring him thankful praise,
And young souls bravely striving
To walk in holy ways.
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

3. We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day,
We'll try our best to please him
At home, at school, at play,
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them,
Yet these a child may bring.

356

*St. Thomas Aquinas, 1227-74.
Tr. Bishop J. R. Woodford.*

THEE we adore, O hidden Saviour, thee,
Who in thy Sacrament art pleased to be ;
Both flesh and spirit in thy presence fail,
Yet here thy Presence we devoutly hail.

- 2 O blest Memorial of our dying Lord,
Who living Bread to men doth here afford !
O may our souls for ever feed on thee,
And thou, O Christ, for ever precious be.
- 3 Fountain of goodness, Jesu, Lord and God,
Cleanse us, unclean, with thy most cleansing
Blood ;
Increase our faith and love, that we may know
The hope and peace which from thy Presence flow.
4. O Christ, whom now beneath a veil we see,
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,
To gaze on thee unveiled, and see thy face,
The vision of thy glory and thy grace.

357

J. Wesley, 1703-91.

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower ;
 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown ;
 Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all thy works, and thee alone ;
 Thee will I love till sacred fire
 Fills my whole soul with pure desire.

- 2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
 That thy bright beams on me have shined ;
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and healed my wounded mind :
 I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;
 Strengthen my feet with steady pace
 Still to press forward in thy way :
 That all my powers with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.
4. Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown ;
 Thee will I love, my Lord, my God ;
 Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
 Or smile—thy sceptre or thy rod ;
 What though my flesh and heart decay,
 Thee shall I love in endless day.

358

J. Keble, 1792-1866.

THERE is a book who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts,
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

- 2 The works of God above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book, to show
 How God himself is found.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.
- 5 Two worlds are ours . 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.
6. Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

359

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823-95.

- T**HERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.
- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.
 - 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good ;
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious Blood.
 - 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin ;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

5. Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming Blood,
And try his works to do.

360

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where Saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbecclouded eyes !
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore !

361

J. Crewdson, 1809-63.

THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to thee ;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress ;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.
- 3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine,
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.
4. Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That Love which wept for woe.

362

J. A. Symonds, 1840-93.

THESE things shall be ! a loftier race
Than e'er the world has known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

- 2 They shall be gentle, brave and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.
- 3 Nation with nation, land with land,
Unharm'd shall live as comrades free,
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.
4. New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies ;
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

363

E. H. Plumptre, 1821-91.

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old
Was strong to heal and save ;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

To thee they went, the blind, the dumb,
The palsied and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

- 2 And lo ! thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight ;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned thee the Lord of light ;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3. Be thou our great deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death ;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With thine almighty breath ;
To hands that work and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise thee evermore.

364

Mrs. M. F. Maude, 1819-1913.

THINE for ever ! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above ;
Thine for ever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

- 2 Thine for ever ! Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife ;
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

- 3 Thine for ever ! Oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest !
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- *4 Thine for ever ! Shepherd, keep
Us thy frail and trembling sheep ;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.
5. Thine for ever ! thou our Guide,
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Led by thee from earth to heaven.

365

*Ascribed to St. Gregory the Great, 6th cent.
Tr. Yattendon Hymnal, No. 31.*

THIS day the first of days was made,
When God in light the world arrayed ;
Or when his Word arose again,
And, conquering death, gave life to men.

- *2 Slumber and sloth drive far away ;
Earlier arise to greet the day ;
And ere its dawn in heaven unfold
The heart's desire to God be told :
- 3 Unto our prayer that he attend,
His all-creating power extend,
And still renew us, lest we miss
Through earthly stain our heavenly bliss.
- *4 That us, who here this day repair
To keep the Apostles' time of prayer,
And hymn the quiet hours of morn,
With blessed gifts he may adorn.
- 5 For this, Redeemer, thee we pray
That thou wilt wash our sins away,
And of thy loving-kindness grant
Whate'er of good our spirits want :
- 6 That exiles here awhile in flesh
Some earnest may our souls refresh
Of that pure life for which we long,
Some foretaste of the heavenly song.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

7. O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, thine only Son ;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally.

366

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the Saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's Holy Son !
Make haste to help us, Lord, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blessed be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
5. Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

367

Francis Quarles, 1592-1644.

THOU art my Life ; if thou but turn away,
My life's a thousand deaths : thou art my
Way ;
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

- 2 My Light thou art ; without thy glorious sight
My eyes are darkened with perpetual night :
My God, thou art my Way, my Life, my Light.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Thou art my Way ; I wander, if thou fly :
Thou art my Light ; if hid, how blind am I !
Thou art my Life ; if thou withdraw, I die.
4. Disclose thy sunbeams ; close thy wings and stay,
See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray ;
O thou that art my Light, my Life, my Way !

368

Bishop G. W. Doane, 1799-1859.

- T**HOU art the Way ; by thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth : thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life ; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

369

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1835-97.

- T**HOU didst leave thy throne and thy kingly
crown
When thou camest to earth for me ;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room
For thy holy nativity.
- O come to my heart, Lord Jesus ;
There is room in my heart for thee.*

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Heaven's arches rang when the Angels sang,
Proclaiming thy royal degree ;
But in lowly birth didst thou come to earth,
And in great humility.
- 3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the cedar tree ;
But thy couch was the sod, O thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.
- 4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word
That should set thy people free ;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn
They bore thee to Calvary.
5. When heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs
shall sing
At thy coming to victory,
Let thy voice call me home, saying, ' Yet there is
room,
There is room at my side for thee.'

370

Bishop W. Boyd Carpenter, 1841-1918.

THOU who hast bidden hearts to beat,
Who makest human love so sweet,
Deign with thy love their love to meet !
Father of love be near them.

- 2 They leave us, but they still are thine ;
When life with life doth intertwine,
Fill thou their love with Life divine—
Father of life, be near them.
- 3 Thou who in years of grief untold
Didst love's triumphant might unfold ;
Grant them the love which grows not old—
True Son of Man, be near them.
- 4 Our life is thine, though life be ours ;
Help us to live its fleeting hours
In use, not waste of human powers—
Spirit of Life, be near them.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

5. Let love the rule of right maintain,
Unchanged through change and strong through
pain,
Till love to perfect strength attain—
Spirit of God, be near them.

371

J. Marriott, 1780-1825.

- THOU, whose almighty word,
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light !
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight ;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light !
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight !
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light !
4. Blessèd and holy Threc,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might !
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light !

372

Tate and Brady.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name ;
When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.
- 3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.
- 4 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.
- *6. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

373

B. S. Ingemann, 1789-1862.

Tr. S. Baring-Gould.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

- 2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 One the light of God's own presence
O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread ;
- 4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires :
- 5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun ;
- 6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.
- *7 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid ;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.
- *8. Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb ;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

374

E. H. Plumpton, 1821-91.

THY hand, O God, has guided
Thy flock, from age to age ;
The wondrous tale is written,
Full clear, on every page ;
Our fathers owned thy goodness,
And we their deeds record ;
And both of this bear witness,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Thy heralds brought glad tidings
To greatest, as to least ;
They bade men rise, and hasten
To share the great King's feast ;
And this was all their teaching,
In every deed and word,
To all alike proclaiming
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.
- 3 Through many a day of darkness,
Through many a scene of strife,
The faithful few fought bravely
To guard the nation's life.
Their Gospel of redemption,
Sin pardoned, man restored,
Was all in this enfolded,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.
- *4 And we, shall we be faithless ?
Shall hearts fail, hands hang down ?
Shall we evade the conflict,
And cast away our crown ?
Not so ! in God's deep counsels
Some better thing is stored ;
We will maintain, unflinching,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.
5. Thy mercy will not fail us,
Nor leave thy work undone ;
With thy right hand to help us,
The victory shall be won ;
And then, by men and Angels,
Thy name shall be adored,
And this shall be their anthem,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

375

L. Hensley, 1827-1905.

THY kingdom come, O God,
Thy rule, O Christ, begin ;
Break with thine iron rod
The tyrannies of sin.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Where is thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love ?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above ?
- 3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,—
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee thy face before ?
- 4 We pray thee, Lord, arise,
And come in thy great might ;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for thy sight.
- *5 Men scorn thy sacred name,
And wolves devour thy fold ;
By many deeds of shame
We learn that love grows cold.
6. O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet :
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set !

376

F. L. Hosmer.

THY kingdom come ! on bended knee
The passing ages pray ;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.

- 2 But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong ;
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.
- 3 And lo, already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear ;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near :

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed ;
5. When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad ;—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

377

F. R. Havergal, 1836-79.

- T**HY Life was given for me,
Thy Blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead.
Thy Life was given for me :—
What have I given for thee ?
- 2 Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know.
Long years were spent for me :—
Have I spent one for thee ?
- 3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all was left for me :
Have I left aught for thee ?
- 4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell.
Thou sufferedst all for me :—
What have I borne for thee ?

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 5 And thou hast brought to me
Down from thy home above
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and thy love.
Great gifts thou broughtest me :—
What have I brought to thee ?
6. Oh, let my life be given,
My years for thee be spent ;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent ;
Thou gavest thyself to me,
I give myself to thee.

378

H. Bonar, 1808-89.

- T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be ;
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best ;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.
- 3 I dare not choose my lot ;
I would not if I might ;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
- 4 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine, so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
- 5 Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem ;
Choose thou my good and ill.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 6 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
7. Not mine, not mine, the choice
In things or great or small ;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

379

S. Longfellow, 1819-92.

- 'TIS winter now ; the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear ;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.
- 2 And yet God's love is not withdrawn ;
His life within the keen air breathes ;
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.
- 3 And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.
4. O God ! who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.

380

George Wither, 1588-1667.

TO God, with heart and cheerful voice,
A triumph song we sing ;
And with true thankful hearts rejoice
In our almighty King ;
Yea, to his glory we record,
Who were but dust and clay,
What honour he did us afford
On his Ascending Day.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 Our Lord and Brother, who hath on
Such flesh as this we wear,
Before us unto heaven is gone,
To get us places there :
Captivity was captived then,
As he doth from above
Send ghostly presents down to men,
For tokens of his love.
- 3 Each door and everlasting gate
To him hath lifted been ;
And in a glorious wise thereat
Our King is entered in :
Whom if to follow we regard,
With ease we safely may,
For he hath all the means prepared,
And made an open way.
4. Then follow, follow on apace,
And let us not forego
Our Captain, till we win the place,
That he hath scaled unto :
And for his honour, let our voice
A shout so hearty make,
The heavens may at our mirth rejoice,
And earth and hell may shake.

381

William Blake, 1757-1827.

- T**O Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.
- 2 For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear ;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is Man, his child and care.
 - 3 For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity, a human face ;
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.
5. And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew ;
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

382

Tr. J. M. Neale, 1818-66.

- T**O the name that brings salvation
Laud and honour let us pay :
That for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay ;
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.
- 2 Name of gladness, name of pleasure,
Name beyond what words can tell,
Name of sweetness passing measure,
Ear and heart delighting well,
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.
- 3 'Tis the name for adoration,
'Tis the name for victory ;
'Tis the name for meditation
In the vale of misery ;
'Tis the name for veneration
By the citizens on high.
- *4 'Tis the name that whoso preacheth
Finds it music to the ear ;
'Tis thè name that whoso teacheth
Finds more sweet than honey's cheer :
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

5 'Tis the name by right exalted
Over every other name ;
That when we are sore assaulted
Puts our enemies to shame ;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind and feet to lame.

6. Jesu, we thy name adoring,
Long to see thee as thou art :
Of thy clemency imploring
So to write it in our heart,
That, hereafter, heavenward soaring,
We with Angels may have part.

383

W. C. Dix, 1837-98

TO thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise,
In hymns of adoration ;
To thee bring sacrifice of praise,
With shouts of exultation.
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,
The hills with joy are ringing ;
The valleys stand so thick with corn,
That even they are singing.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of thy blessing :
By thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal ;
Thou who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary,
But labour ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary :
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected !

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

4. Oh ! Blessed is that land of God,
Where Saints abide for ever ;
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river.
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending ;
Thrice blessed is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending !

384

Bishop W. W. How, 1823-97.

- TO thee our God we fly
For mercy and for grace ;
O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not thou thy face.
*O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.*
- 2 Arise, O Lord of hosts !
Be jealous for thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame.
- 3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise thee more and more.
- 4 The powers ordained by thee
With heavenly wisdom bless ;
May they thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness.
- 5 The Church of thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire,
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire.
- 6 The pastors of thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 7 O let us love thy house,
And sanctify thy day,
Bring unto thee our vows,
And loyal homage pay.
- 8 Give peace, Lord, in our time ;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult thy majesty.
9. Though vile and worthless, still
Thy people, Lord, are we ;
And for our God we will
None other have but thee.

385

H. Vaughan, 1621-1695.

- UP to those bright and gladsome hills,
Whence all my help is given,
I look and sigh for him who fills,
Unseen, both earth and heaven.
- 2 He is alone my help and hope,
That I shall not be moved ;
His watchful eye is ever ope,
And guardeth his beloved.
- 3 The glorious God is my sole stay,
He is my sun and shade ;
The cold by night, the heat by day,
Neither shall me invade.
- 4 He keeps me safe from every ill,
Doth all my foes control :
He is a shield and shelter still
Unto my very soul.
5. Whether abroad, amidst the crowd,
Or else within my door,
He is my pillar and my cloud
Now and for evermore.

386 *P. Nicolai, 1556-1608. Tr. F. C. Burkitt.*

WAKE, O wake ! with tidings thrilling
 The watchmen all the air are filling,
 Arise, Jerusalem, arise !
 Midnight strikes ! no more delaying,
 ' The hour has come ! ' we hear them saying.
 Where are ye all, ye virgins wise ?
 The Bridegroom comes in sight,
 Raise high your torches bright !
 Alleluia !
 The wedding song
 Swells loud and strong :
 Go forth and join the festal throng.

2 Zion hears the watchmen shouting,
 Her heart leaps up with joy undoubting,
 She stands and waits with eager eyes ;
 See her Friend from heaven descending,
 Adorned with truth and grace unending !
 Her light burns clear, her star doth rise.
 Now come, thou precious Crown,
 Lord Jesu, God's own Son !
 Hosanna !
 Let us prepare
 To follow there,
 Where in thy supper we may share.

3. Every soul in thee rejoices ;
 From men and from angelic voices
 Be glory given to thee alone !
 Now the gates of pearl receive us,
 Thy presence never more shall leave us,
 We stand with Angels round thy throne.
 Earth cannot give below
 The bliss thou dost bestow.
 Alleluia !
 Grant us to raise,
 To length of days,
 The triumph-chorus of thy praise.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

387

*W. Bullock, 1798-1874,
and Sir H. W. Baker, 1821-77.*

- WE love the place, O God,
Wherein thine honour dwells ;
The joy of thine abode
All earthly joy excels.
- 2 We love the house of prayer,
Wherein thy servants meet ;
And thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.
- 3 We love the sacred font,
For there the holy Dove
To pour is ever wont
His blessing from above.
- 4 We love thine altar, Lord ;
Oh, what on earth so dear !
For there, in faith adored,
We find thy presence near.
- 5 We love the word of life,
The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.
- *6 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given ;
But oh, we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven
7. Lord Jesus, give us grace
On earth to love thee more,
In heaven to see thy face,
And with thy Saints adore.

388

*M. Claudius, 1740-1815.
Tr. Jane M. Campbell.*

WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land,
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.
*All good gifts around us,
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord,
For all his love.*

- 2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far,
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star.
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed ;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.
3. We thank thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

389

F. L. Hosmer.

WE pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign ;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common, the divine !

- *2 Lo, here ! Lo, there ! no more we cry,
Dividing with our call
The mantle of thy presence, Lord,
That, seamless, covers all.
- 3 We turn from seeking thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of thy praise.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 And if thy rarer comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy should mingle with the faith
That feels thee everywhere.
5. And not the less shall hearts be pure,
Nor less shall worship be,
When thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in thee.

390

V. S. S. Coles.

- W**E pray thee, heavenly Father,
To hear us in thy love,
And pour upon thy children
The unction from above ;
That so in love abiding,
From all defilement free,
We may in pureness offer
Our Eucharist to thee.
- 2 Be thou our Guide and Helper,
O Jesu Christ, we pray ;
So may we well approach thee,
If thou wilt be the Way.
Thou, very Truth, hast promised
To help us in our strife,
Food of the weary pilgrim,
Eternal source of Life.
- 3 And thou, Creator Spirit,
Look on us, we are thine ;
Renew in us thy graces,
Upon our darkness shine ;
That with thy benediction
Upon our souls outpoured,
We may receive in gladness
The Body of the Lord.
4. O Trinity eternal !
O Unity most high !
On thee alone relying,
Thy servants would draw nigh.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

Unworthy in our weakness,
On thee our hope is stayed,
And blest by thy forgiveness
We will not be afraid.

391

Anne Richter (1834), and others.

WE saw thee not when thou didst come
To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er beheld thy cottage-home
In that despised Nazareth ;
But we believe thy footsteps trod
Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.

- 2 We did not see thee lifted high
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard thy meek, imploring cry,
' Forgive, they know not what they do ' ;
Yet we believe the deed was done
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.
- 3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late thy sacred Body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met thee in the open way ;
But we believe that Angels said,
' Why seek the living with the dead ? '
- 4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When thou didst in the cloud ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend ;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
From that far mountain saw thee rise.
5. And now that thou dost reign on high,
And thence thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness ;
But we believe thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

392

T. Kelly, 1769-1854.

WE sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the Cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

- 2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, ' God is Love ' ;
He bears our sins upon the Tree ;
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The Cross ! it takes our guilt away ;
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup :
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light .
5. The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinners' refuge here below,
The Angels' theme in heaven above.

393

Bishop G. E. L. Cotton, 1813-66.

WE thank thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea ;
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from thee.

- 2 From thee the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings round,
As thou dost gird thine own with love.
- 3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns thy Spirit's might.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

4. So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts thy love has given,
Help us in thee to live and die,
By thee to rise from earth to heaven.

394

C. M. MacSorley.

- WE thank thee, O our Father,
For all thy loving care ;
We thank thee that thou mad'st the world
So very bright and fair.
We thank thee for the sunshine,
And for the pleasant showers ;
And we thank thee, O our Father,
We thank thee for the flowers.
- 2 Out in the sunny meadows,
And in the woodlands cool,
And under every hedgerow,
And by each reedy pool,
And on the lonely moorland,
And by the broad highway ;
All pure, and fresh, and stainless,
They spring up every day.
- 3 And in the dusty city,
Where busy crowds pass by,
And where the tall dark houses
Stand up and hide the sky,
And where through lanes and alleys
No pleasant breezes blow,
Even there, O God, our Father,
Thou mak'st the flowers grow.
- 4 And whether in the city
Or in the fields they dwell,
Always the same sweet message
The sweet young flowers tell.
For they are all so wonderful,
They show thy power abroad ;
And they are all so beautiful,
They tell thy love, O God.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

*5 Thou see'st each seed that lieth
Down in the dark, cold clay ;
Thou sendest rain upon it
And sunshine, day by day.
Out of the earth that holds it
Thou bid'st it spring and grow :
And every flower that bloometh
Thou, God, dost see and know.

*6. Therefore we love the flowers
As precious gifts from thee
We prize and tend and keep them
And touch them tenderly ;
And when we see them growing
In fields and garden bowers,
We thank thee, O our Father,
We thank thee for the flowers.

395

Sir John Robert Seeley, 1834-95.

WHAT avails that winter die
If death die not, winter's sting ?
Hopeless, loveless, man would lie,
Crowned not Eastertide his spring.

2 Who would hope at all, or strive
Overwhelmed by fatal force ?
Who would love at all, to grieve
Parted by that dire divorce ?

3. But from yonder gulf of gloom
Not the Lord alone is risen ;
Hope with him has left the tomb,
Love with him has burst the prison.

396

C. Coffin, 1676-1749. Tr. J. Chandler.

WHAT star is this, with beams so bright,
More lovely than the noonday light ?
'Tis sent to announce a new-born King,
Glad tidings of our God to bring.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed,
' From Jacob shall a star proceed ' ;
And lo ! the eastern sages stand,
To read in heaven the Lord's command.
- 3 While outward signs the star displays,
An inward light the Lord conveys,
And urges them, with force benign,
To seek the giver of the sign.
- 4 True love can brook no dull delay :
Through toils and dangers lies their way ;
And yet their home, their friends, their all,
They leave at once, at God's high call.
- 5 O, while the star of heavenly grace
Invites us, Lord, to seek thy face,
May we no more that grace repel,
Or quench that light which shines so well !
- *6. To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
May every tongue and nation raise
An endless song of thankful praise !

397

J. Addison, 1672-1719.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 4 When worn with sickness oft hast thou
With health renewed my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
6. Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

398

J. Anstice, 1808-36.

WHEN came in flesh the incarnate Word,
The heedless world slept on,
And only simple shepherds heard
That God had sent his Son.

- 2 When comes the Saviour at the last,
From east to west shall shine
The awful pomp, and earth aghast
Shall tremble at the sign.
- 3 Then shall the pure of heart be blest ;
As mild he comes to them,
As when upon the Virgin's breast
He lay at Bethlehem :
- 4 As mild to meek-eyed love and faith,
Only more strong to save ;
Strengthened by having bowed to death,
By having burst the grave.
- 5 Lord, who could dare see thee descend
In state, unless he knew
Thou art the sorrowing sinner's friend,
The gracious and the true ?

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK

6. Dwell in our hearts, O Saviour blest ;
So shall thine advent's dawn
'Twixt us and thee, our bosom-guest,
Be but the veil withdrawn.

399

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- *4 His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
5. Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

400

Bishop R. Heber, 1783-1826.

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the
laughing soil ;
When summer's balmy showers refresh the
mower's toil ;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and
the flood ;
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his
Maker good.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 2 The birds that wake the morning, and those that
love the shade ;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull the
drowsy glade ;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on
his way,
The moon and stars—their Master's name in
silent pomp display.
- 3 Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the
sky,
Shall man alone, unthankful, his little praise
deny ?
No ; let the year forsake his course, the seasons
cease to be,
Thee, Master, must we always love, and, Saviour,
honour thee.
4. The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of
summer fade,
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake
the shade ;
The winds be lulled, the sun and moon forget
their old decree ;
But we, in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling
to thee !

401

E. Elliot, 1781-1849.

WHEN wilt thou save the people ?
O God of mercy, when ?
Not kings alone, but nations :
Not thrones alone, but men !
Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they ;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away,
Their heritage a sunless day ;
God save the people !

- 2 Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong ?
Is it thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong ?

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

'No,' say thy mountains ; 'No,' thy skies ;
'Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise ;
And songs ascend instead of sighs,'
God save the people !

3. When wilt thou save the people,
O God of mercy, when ?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not crowns alone, but men !
God save the people ; thine they are,
Thy children, as thine Angels fair ;
Save them from bondage and despair !
God save the people !

402

W. H. H. Jervois, 1852-1905.

WHEREFORE, O Father, we thy humble
servants
Here bring before thee Christ thy well-belovèd,
All-perfect Offering, Sacrifice immortal,
Spotless Oblation.

2. See now thy children, making intercession
Through him our Saviour, Son of God incarnate,
For all thy people, living and departed,
Pleading before thee.

403

Nahum Tate, 1652-1715.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

- 2 'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind) ;
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 ' To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 ' The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'
- 5 Thus spake the Seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :
6. " All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

404

J. C. Shairp, 1818-95.

- W**HILE they here sojourned, their presence
drew us
By the sweetness of their human love ;
Day by day good thoughts of them renew us ;
Like fresh tidings from the world above ;
- 2 Coming, like the stars at gloaming glinting
Through the western clouds, when loud winds
cease,
Silently of that calm country hinting,
Where they with the Angels are at peace.
- 3 Not their own, ah ! not from earth was flowing
That high strain to which their souls were tuned,
Year by year we saw them inly growing
Liker him with whom their hearts communed.
- 4 Then to him they passed ; but still unbroken,
Age to age, lasts on that goodly line,
Whose pure lives are, more than all words spoken,
Earth's best witness to the life divine.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 5 Subtlest thought shall fail, and learning falter,
Churches change, forms perish, systems go,
But our human needs, they will not alter,
Christ no after age shall e'er outgrow.
6. Yea, Amen ! O changeless One, thou only
Art life's guide and spiritual goal,
Thou the Light across the dark vale lonely,—
Thou the eternal haven of the soul !

405 *H. T. Schenk, 1656-1727. Tr. F. E. Cox.*

- W**HO are these, like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand ?
Each a golden crown is wearing ;
Who are all this glorious band ?
Alleluia, hark ! they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.
- 2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,
These in God's own truth arrayed,
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand—
Whence comes all this glorious band ?
- 3 These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng ;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph through the Lamb have gained.
- 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified ;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

5. These like priests have watched and waited,
Offering up to Christ their will,
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night to serve him still :
Now, in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before his face.

406

Tate and Brady.

WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

- 2 How surely stablished is thy throne,
Which shall no change of period see !
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
4. Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

407

Tate and Brady.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To sing his praise.

- 2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day ;
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay ;

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came ;
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

- 4 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey ;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

5. His chosen Saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh,
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

*St. Fulbert of Chartres, c. 100.
Tr. R. Campbell.*

408

YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy ;

- 2 How Judah's Lion burst his chains,
And crushed the serpent's head,
And brought with him from death's domains
The long imprisoned dead.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 From hell's devouring jaws the prey
Alone our Leader bore ;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way,
Where he hath gone before.
- 4 Triumphant in his glory now,
His sceptre ruleth all ;
Earth, heaven and hell before him bow,
And at his footstool fall.
- 5 While joyful thus his praise we sing,
His mercy we implore,
Into his palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.
6. Through times unknown to earthly thought,
O Father, praise to thee,
To him who our deliverance wrought,
And to the Spirit be.

409

R. Baxter, 1615-91.

YE holy Angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
Or else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

- 2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold your Father's face,
His praises sound,
As in his light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

- 3 Ye Saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing ;
Take what he gives,
And praise him still
Through good and ill
Who ever lives !
4. My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love !
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er he send,
Be filled with praise !

410

C. Wesley, 1707-88.

- Y**E servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name ;
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol ;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save ;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have ;
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud
And honour the Son,

THE PEOPLE'S HYMN BOOK.

The praises of Jesus
The Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

4. Then let us adore
And give him his right ;
All glory and power,
All wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing,
With Angels above ;
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

411

P. Doddridge, 1702-51

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, he's near ;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.
5. Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

412

A. Riley.

YE watchers and ye holy ones,
 Bright Seraphs, Cherubim and Thrones,
 Raise the glad strain, Alleluia !
 Cry out Dominions, Princedoms, Powers,
 Virtues, Archangels, Angels' choirs,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia !

*2 O higher than the Cherubim,
 More glorious than the Seraphim,
 Lead their praises, Alleluia !
 Thou Bearer of the eternal Word,
 Most gracious, magnify the Lord,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia !

3 Respond, ye souls in endless rest,
 Ye Patriarchs and Prophets blest,
 Alleluia, Alleluia !
 Ye holy Twelve, ye Martyrs strong,
 All Saints triumphant, raise the song
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia !

4. O friends, in gladness let us sing,
 Supernal anthems echoing,
 Alleluia, Alleluia !
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia !

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